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PENTHOUSE LETTERS

THE MAGAZINE OF SEXUAL MARVELS/MAY 2012

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RAUNCHY ROMPS**

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VIDEO VIXEN'S
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PENTHOUSE Letters



Contents

May 2012

2 SALUTATIONS

How Wild Are You?
Dare to share your wildest fuck!

4 PURSUIT & CAPTURE

It's better to be chased than
to be chaste

16 KINKY COUGARS

Prowling for a few good men—
sex kittens beware



32 LETTER OF THE MONTH

Don't Ask—You *Know*
Why should his fiancée go unpleasured?

38 FEATURE

The Attraction's Mutual
by Dave Gable

44 TRUE CONFESSIONS

She's All Wet
He had only *heard* about "squirters"

50 SOMEONE'S WATCHING

Keeping an eye on the action

64 TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

Giving the gift of wife—yours!



78 EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

Her Golden Ticket
She's practically begging for it!

86 SPOTLIGHT ON THREE-FOR-ALL

Sometimes the great ones
stand alone

98 CARNALCOPIA

A piquant potpourri with a
little bit of everything

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SALUTATIONS



HOW WOULD ARE YOU?

Before you jump into this over-the-top installment of *Letters*, we'd like to ask something of you. We would love to hear about the craziest or most unbelievable place you've ever done the nasty. And please, include all the dirty details! Would you do that for us? We know that our dedicated fans will send in enough of their outrageous tales that we'll be able to create a brand-new category just for them in an upcoming issue! So get writing and tell us all about your creative carnal couplings so we can share the lust!

Now, on to what you can look forward to in this erotically charged issue. Right off the bat you are treated to a letter about a guy laid up due to a motorcycle crash, and his friend's missus, who is asked to help take care of him. Her bedside manner works miracles, and in no time, it's she who's astride a hog while holding on for the ride of her life. Also in this section, you won't believe what soccer moms do off the field! Well, maybe you will, but this soccer coach was tripping over his own feet when he

was given the opportunity to find out. Check out what else is going on in *Pursuit & Capture*.

In *Kinky Cougars* we find one man's talents are shared by a bevy of beauties. What started out as a "friends with benefits" situation quickly becomes a "family" affair—but no one's complaining, least of all the lucky son of a bitch getting all that pussy!

And speaking of pussy and cougars, in the *Carnalcopia* section we find not only a cougar getting her fuck on, but her cub as well. This mother-daughter duo get their rocks off with four college guys who are ready for anything. This no-holes-barred sexfest is one for the books—uh, not the schoolbooks, though!

There's a plethora of other must-reads in the pages ahead. This is just a taste to whet your insatiable appetite.

Enjoy your read. Remember, we're waiting to hear about your wildest or wackiest or craziest hook-up. We can't wait to see what you've been up to.—*The Editors*

She went to take care of a sick friend—in more ways than one

It all started when my husband's friend Les got into a motorcycle crash. He wasn't hurt too seriously, but he had to take some time off from work to recover. The doctor told him to stay off his feet, and since my husband and I live about five miles away and I had been laid off from my job, I was drafted to help him out.

Les is kind of a rough guy and has lots of biker friends who hang around with him, so I figured I wouldn't have to do that much for him.

One evening as I drove up to Les's place I saw a girl on a bike streaking away. When I got inside Les was lying on his couch, naked, his large cock standing straight up out of his crotch. I could feel my face flushing with embarrassment, but he didn't even try to cover up.

"Did you see that bitch?" he asked me angrily. "She got me all turned on, then wanted me to give her a hundred bucks to get me off, the fuckin' slut whore!"

I was very uncomfortable, partly because the sight of his large dick was turning me on in spite of myself. "Poor Les," I said sarcastically. "All horny and frustrated."

He could sense my sarcasm, but didn't seem to mind. He stood up and moved close to me.

"Well, maybe you can help me," he said.



At that point I thought, why not? "Maybe I can," I said, giving in to my lust. "Why don't you lie back down and relax."

He got back on the sofa and I got on top of him, rubbing him all over. Together we removed my jeans and blouse, bra and panties. Naked, I sat in his lap, rubbing my tits all over his face. He opened his mouth and took a nipple in his teeth, then sucked on it.

I climbed up on him, my

legs on either side of his hips, and lowered myself onto him as I guided him into me. His crown parted my pussy lips, and I slowly took him in deeper until he had penetrated me all the way.

"Oh, baby," he groaned, and I felt him jerk and start to come inside me. I could feel the squirts as he shot into me. I kissed him a few times as his cock began to soften, then I reluctantly climbed off him, his sperm

leaking from my pussy.

"Look at the mess you made in me," I said. "Your come is just oozing out of me."

"I'll fix that," he said, and he grabbed me by the ass and pulled me to him, his tongue probing at my dripping slit as he began eating his sperm out of my freshly fucked pussy. It felt so good that I soon had a strong, screaming climax as I ground my crotch into his face.

Now Les was hard again, and he pulled me back down onto his cock. As I rode him he took my hand and pressed it to my stomach just below my belly button, so that I could actually feel the tip of his cock moving inside me. What a turn-on! When he started rubbing my clit with his thumb I began coming again. His hands now held my ass cheeks as I bounced up and down on him, his mouth sucking on my jiggling breasts.

It felt as though the tip of his dick was banging against my womb each time I thrust down. He held onto my ass and used me like a rag doll until he came inside me again. This time his climax seemed to last a long time. He shoved me down on his cock as hard as he could and held me there as he kept spurting inside me.

It seemed to go on for minutes before he finished coming. Finally he softened and lay down as I climbed off him, my cunt a swollen, sticky mess. I went to the bathroom to clean up,

and when I came back he was fast asleep. I prepared some food for him and left him a note, promising I'd see him the next day. Which I did.

I still go to take care of Les almost every day, while my husband is at work, though his injuries have healed by now. I think the baby I'm carrying is probably his, but what my husband doesn't know won't hurt him.—*Name and address withheld*

His girlfriend was hot, but her older sister was hotter—and wilder

Ginny, my live-in girlfriend, is a beautiful 26-year-old woman who makes me happy and proud to be the man she loves. But she also has an older sister named Erin, who is one of the hottest women I've ever seen. She has a lovely face and a fabulous body, and I always found myself drooling over her at family functions and get-togethers.

We hadn't seen Erin for a while after she got divorced, and when Ginny mentioned her one day I suggested that she invite her over for dinner and to watch a movie, and she agreed.

Erin came over a week later, and when she arrived my cock jumped. She looked hotter than ever, wearing tight blue jeans, a tight black shirt with her tits nearly popping out of it, and a sexy pair of heels. She was absolutely gorgeous.

"Hey there," she said to me flirtatiously as she

walked over to greet me. As I gave her a hug and a peck on the cheek I could feel her breasts against my chest, and I quickly got hard. I wondered if she had felt my erection, but if so she gave no sign of it.

after a few minutes I felt Erin gripping my arm.

Ginny may have been falling asleep, but Erin was really caught up in the movie, and I could feel her fright building and diminishing as expressed

make her uncomfortable, but she closed her legs and squeezed her thighs tightly against my hand and arm. She kept looking at the TV as she reached under the blanket and pushed my hand into her crotch.



After dinner we went into the living room to watch a movie. We all settled on the sofa, with Ginny on my left and Erin on my right, with a blanket draped over us. About half an hour into the flick, Ginny said, "I don't know how long I can stay awake. I'm already dozing off."

"Don't worry honey, I'll carry you to bed if you do," I told her.

The movie was bone-chilling horror flick, and

through her fingers clutching my arm. At one point I put my hand on her thigh, rubbing it as though to reassure her that it was only a movie. She smiled faintly and brought her knees to her chest as she leaned closer to me. The movement caused my arm to wrap around her leg, and my fingers discreetly brushed the fabric of her crotch, deep between her thighs. I quickly pulled my hand away so as not to

I looked at my girlfriend to make sure she was sleeping, then began gently squeezing Erin's pussy through her jeans. She looked at me, then looked away, but she didn't release the pressure of her legs.

I could feel the heat coming from her crotch as I rubbed her pussy, and after a minute I felt moisture seeping through her jeans. I tried to get my hand down the front of them, but they were too damn tight, so

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she helped me by undoing the buttons, allowing me to push my hand down between her legs.

She let out a moan as my hand roamed inside her panties, and she quickly covered her mouth so she wouldn't wake Ginny. She threw back her head as my fingers probed her crotch, and I felt her pussy contract around one of them as it penetrated her.

My cock was throbbing so hard it began to hurt. Unable to take it any longer, I whispered to Erin to follow me to the bedroom. When we both stood up, however, the movement woke Ginny, who looked up and asked if the movie was over. "Almost," I told her, turning away so that she wouldn't see my hard-on.

I was terribly frustrated by Ginny waking up, and I got even more frustrated when Erin said it was late and she had to go home. She and Ginny hugged, and I walked Erin to the door. She winked at me slyly as she turned to leave.

One Saturday morning two weeks later, while Ginny was out grocery shopping, the phone rang. It was Erin.

"Hi," she said. "Is my sister home?"

"No," I told her.

"Good," she responded. "We never finished what we started. You want to come over?"

"I'll be there in a few minutes." I told her, and practically flew out the door.

When Erin let me in she was already naked, and she led me right into her

bedroom, undressing me along the way. Once there, she dropped to her knees and began sucking my cock. Damn, she was good! She had me ready to pop in no time at all; but, sensing my impending climax, she pulled off my cock and got onto the bed.

"Eat me," she said simply, and I dove eagerly between her sexy thighs to eat her gorgeous pussy. It didn't take much effort to make her climax, and once she did she was ready to be fucked. I mounted her and quickly rammed into her. She shrieked as I began banging away at her. It felt so good that my climax came quickly, and I shot my come inside her. This triggered her own orgasm, and we both yelled as we finished together.

"My sister sure is one lucky girl," Erin said when we had caught our breath.

"Yeah, but you can be one too," I told her. "Just call me whenever you want to get lucky."

Since then she has done that, many times.—C.M., Bethesda, Maryland

He hired contractors to do his kitchen; they did his wife for free

I am a 35-year-old married woman with two teenage kids and a loving husband. I am five feet five inches tall, with dark brown shoulder-length hair and a nice figure which still draws lots of male attention. My husband, although a good provider, is sometimes lacking in the

bedroom department, but aside from an occasional grope at a party or on the dance floor at a club, I've never really been unfaithful to him—until recently.

A few months ago we decided to redo our kitchen, and we called a contractor who'd been recommended by some friends of ours. When the guy came around to give us an estimate, he turned out to be a well-built black man in his 20s. When we were introduced he smiled at me in a way that led me to believe his interest wasn't just in our kitchen. This feeling was reinforced when my husband left the room to answer the phone and Albert, the contractor, very quickly and nonchalantly squeezed my butt. A secret thrill went through me, but I didn't say or do anything at the time.

Most of the renovation was to be done while my husband was at work and the kids in school, and I had no problem with that whatsoever. On the day the work started I dressed in a tight top and a black pleated skirt, underneath which I wore a white lace body suit with a snap crotch. I cleared out the kitchen as Albert got his tools ready. This gave him the chance to see what was under my skirt as I twirled and bent over while clearing out the final items.

As we spoke about what he was going to do first, I could see that his eyes were drinking in my body, and the idea thrilled me. I

stood close to him as he knelt down to check under the sink, and suddenly I felt his hand on my leg, resting on my smooth calf. We had been talking about how he was going to mount the new cabinets down there, and now he said, in a different tone, that mounting was his favorite thing. I smiled and blushed, but said nothing, wondering how far I was going to let this game go as his hand began caressing my leg.

As if for answer, I found



myself parting my feet slightly as our conversation stopped completely and Albert continued to caress me. I felt my excitement overwhelming me as his hand ran up my inner thigh to my crotch. When he discovered the snaps of my body suit he quickly undid them, and after a quick

“Our conversation stopped as Albert continued to caress me. I felt my excitement overwhelming me as his hand ran up my thigh to my crotch”

LETTERS

pass through my dark pubic hair, his fingers delved inside me, causing a sharp gasp, followed by a long moan, to escape my lips. I let him probe me until he found a rhythm that swiftly had me on the verge of climax. My legs buckled as I cried out, and luckily Albert caught me as I fell.

Within moments his pants were down, and I saw his large black cock throbbing for me. As I sat weakly on the floor, Albert stood up and drew my head toward his twitching cock. Automatically I opened my mouth and his cock slipped inside, but I couldn't take all of it, due to its size. I sucked noisily on his cock as he held my head to guide it. Judging by the sounds he was making I must have done a good job, and after a few minutes he began bucking his hips as though fucking my mouth, then groaned and shot his load down my gulping throat. Luckily, most of it went straight down, because there was so much of it that I certainly would have gagged if it hadn't. When he finished spurting, he pulled away, saying, "Oh God, that was so good!"

When we had caught our breath I got us some drinks. We gulped them down, and when I turned to put our glasses in the sink, Albert was suddenly right behind me, his hand running up the back of my leg under my skirt to my round butt.

"Mmmm," he said. "I haven't been with such a sexy woman in a while,

and I haven't been with a white woman for a couple of years." I felt his hard cock brush against my butt before he eased me down to the floor on my hands and knees. Before I could say a word he had pushed my skirt up over my hips, parted my thighs and slammed into me, making me cry out at the sudden penetration. It took my breath away, but inflamed my passion even further.

Now this raging bull held onto my hips and pounded into me without remorse or letup for God knows how long before he rolled me over onto my back, then mounted me again. He had excellent stamina, and he rode me through several positions while bringing me to a series of loud screaming climaxes.

He'd gotten my top down at some point, and his hands and mouth made free with my tits and my hard sensitive nipples. After a few minutes he again got me into the doggie position and proceeded to bang me that way, until I heard him groan and felt him finally shoot his second load deep into my spasming pussy.

As we lay panting he said, "That was awesome, but now I better get some work done." So I left him to it and went upstairs to soak in a long hot bath.

When I came back down some time later Albert was packing up for the day. He told me he'd see me the next day. I could hardly wait.

The next day he returned



with the new cabinets, and with an assistant, another black male in his 20s named Ned. I was disappointed that Albert was not alone, and I went upstairs to be out of their way.

After doing household chores for an hour or so, I went into my bedroom and lay down to rest. I must have fallen asleep, because the next thing I knew I became aware of someone's hands rubbing my ass as I lay on my side. Thinking it was Albert, I just smiled to myself and said nothing. I felt his body settling onto the bed, and then a cock probing me from behind. Hands came around to cup my breasts as the cock penetrated me and began to thrust in and out. I felt kisses moving over my neck and ears, and suddenly I was aware of facial hair tickling my earlobe.

Albert was completely clean-shaven, so I instantly realized that the man fucking me had to be Ned. I turned to look at him, and he smiled and told me breathlessly that Albert had told him to come up and check on me, and that once he saw me, he couldn't help himself, and he hoped I didn't mind. I knew I should, but the fact was that I didn't, and I mutely shook my head as he continued to fuck me until we both came.

Between the two of them, Albert and Ned finished the job that afternoon, and when he got home my husband said he was happy with their work, and paid them handsomely. He said



he'd call them again if we ever needed more work done, and I heartily went along with that promise.

Albert and I locked eyes as he smiled and said, "Thanks, I'd like that."—*G.R., Jackson, Mississippi*

A soccer coach and a soccer mom get in a few socks of their own

I used to play pro soccer until an injury sidelined me permanently. I went back home, got a job and tried to put it all behind me, until one day a friend called and asked me if I would coach a local girls' soccer team. At first I said no, but once I got to thinking about it I realized how much I missed the game. So, even though it was just coaching, I figured, why not?

"I felt a cock probing from behind. Hands came around to cup my breasts as the cock penetrated me and began to thrust in and out"

At the first team practice I met a bunch of the girls' parents. Among them was a woman in her 40s, with teased blonde hair and a very big set of tits, wearing a tight white T-shirt and red shorts. During a break in the practice session this woman approached me. I now noticed that her shorts were tight enough to show that she had a great ass. Her thighs were slightly thick, but nicely tanned. She

stood close enough for me to inhale the sweet perfume she was wearing as she said, "I'm told you played pro soccer, is that right?"

I looked into her blue eyes and then at her tits as I said, "Yes I did, until I got hurt."

"I'm Ellie," she said, holding out a hand which I gladly shook. "My daughter is Eva. She's on your blue team, and she's thrilled."

"Well, thanks," I said, still



"I pulled out of her and moved up her body so I could fuck those big titties. She assisted me by pushing her tits together around my dick"

taking in her buxom figure. "What are you doing after practice?" she asked. "Probably going home and eating a meal with my folks," I told her. "Unless I can think of an excuse." "I'll be your excuse," she said smiling. "Find me after practice, or I'll find you. Either way, you won't

be sorry." She turned and walked over to some other parents, and I watched her ass as she walked away, while my cock twitched in anticipation.

After practice I didn't have to look very hard; Ellie was there beside me. "My daughter is catching a ride over to a friend's house for a while," she told me. "Why don't we go for a drink?"

She followed me in her car to a nearby bar, and we had some drinks. I learned that she was 44, married, and had three soccer-playing kids, though she didn't know a thing about soccer. She also told me that her husband was away a lot, leaving her feeling quite neglected.

At a pause in the conversation during our second or third beer, Ellie asked what I was thinking about, and I told her honestly that I was thinking how sexy she was.

"Does that mean you want to fuck me?" she asked brazenly.

"Hell, yeah," I told her.

She smiled impishly. "But if your injuries prevent you from playing soccer," she said, "do they also affect your performance in the bedroom?"

"Try me," I dared her.

"I intend to," she said.

With that she followed me to my place, and I took her straight to the bedroom. We began making out, my hands traveling all over her curvy body. Together we undid her shorts, and as they dropped to the floor, I put my hand on her pussy, feeling its wetness through

her panties. Next I put a hand under the hem of her T-shirt and pushed it up over her bra, pulling her tits into straining mounds of firm flesh. I reached back and undid the bra, releasing those big boobs.

I stepped back then and quickly undressed myself, noticing that she seemed to like what she saw. I grabbed her panty-covered butt and lifted her slightly before dropping her to the bed and diving between her thighs. The scent of her perfume combined with the musky aroma of her aroused pussy was awesome, and I kissed and licked all over her crotch. My cock was throbbing, and after a little more oral teasing I grabbed hold of her panties at her hips and pulled them down. Her now naked pussy was completely shaved. I went down on her again, treating her very thick-lipped labia to my oral talents, and she soon had a loud climax that left her shaking.

I quickly crawled up her body, sucking her hard tits along the way, and as we kissed I drove my cock into her opening and began to thrust at her as she cried out in passion. I banged her harder and faster than was my normal practice, but I was so excited that I couldn't hold back.

As I felt my climax coming on, I pulled out of her and moved up her body so I could fuck those big titties. She assisted me by pushing her tits together around my dick. With each forward

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thrust she would open her mouth, and the tip of my cock would pop in and out of her lips.

"God, I'm going to shoot!" I cried finally, and when Ellie nodded in encouragement I let go. My first shot splattered against her throat, the next two landed on her tits, and I smeared the remaining squirts around her face with my dick.

"Now more fun for me," Ellie said, and with that she sat up over me and lowered her cunt to my mouth so I could eat her out some more, which I gladly did.

After she came we lay relaxing for a while, till I was ready again. I then rolled her over onto her belly, and she parted her legs as I climbed onto her. I then put my hard cock between her buttocks and asked, "Do you take it in the butt baby?"

"Well, it's been a while," Ellie said. "But if you'll go easy I'll let you try."

My cock was leaking precome, which I smeared around her anal opening for lubrication before pushing my cock into her. She hissed and moaned, and I stopped and waited a little before continuing. Her anus was a lot tighter than her cunt as it gripped my pole like a vise. She wiggled and groaned as I pushed steadily into her. I reached around to fondle those big tits and pull on her hard nipples as I plowed her anal passage, until with a loud shout I came hard inside her, and she gave a long moan as

she felt me shoot into her throbbing hole.

After I got off her she told me weakly that she had to go and pick up Eva, then get home to make dinner for her husband, but that she really hoped that we could

fever to play with. I was disappointed when I found no one available. But as I was hanging out by the clubhouse, a dark-haired woman in her mid-40s showed up. I had seen her around before, and knew

in an insinuating manner, as though she was talking about more than golf.

"Sure," I said, ready for whatever she meant, and we took our clubs and moved out onto the course. "Where's your wife?"



do this again very soon.

Because of Ellie, this is now the best job I've ever had in my soccer career.—*J.L., Ames, Iowa*

While playing golf with an older woman he scored a hole in one

Spring had come early, and the first warm Saturday afternoon found me out on the golf course, looking for someone else with golf

her name was Lorna. I greeted her and asked if she had a partner.

"I was supposed to play with my friend, but he called and said he couldn't make it," she said. "What did you have in mind?"

"Well, I was just looking for someone to play with," I replied.

She smiled. "Would you like to play with me, since my partner couldn't make it?" she asked. She said this

she asked me as we approached the second hole. "Doesn't she play golf?"

"No," I said, "She's more of a tennis player, actually. What about you? Where's your husband?"

"He's a golf pro," she told me. "He's away on the circuit right now, but he never takes me with him. He probably has a girlfriend." As she finished that statement she swung at her ball, and

sliced it into a wooded area to the right of the fairway. "Damn!" she said, "I lose more balls that way. Can you help me find it?"

I nodded, and as I followed her into the trees I noticed how her ass swayed. She was wearing white short shorts and a halter top that clung to her as though it was painted on. It was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra.

We spent a few minutes looking for her ball, though I thought it was a fruitless endeavor. Then suddenly I heard her call my name. I looked up to see her standing further back in the woods, motioning me to her. As I approached her she said quietly, "Since my lover couldn't make it, would you like to take his place? I have needs, you know, and I am so horny right now."

Although slightly older than me, Lorna was a beautiful woman, and the offer of her pussy was something I couldn't refuse. My cock was eager to get into her, and I completely forgot that I was a married man with three kids. But I wasn't sure about doing it right there. As I looked around dubiously, she said, as if annoyed, "Don't be shy. I come here often with my boyfriend, and we've never been caught yet."

There was a nice layer of moss on the ground where we were standing, almost like a soft green mattress, and I threw caution to the winds. I reached for her and pulled up her top, and as I did so she pushed her

shorts down, along with her panties. My fingers were probing her as we kissed, and her hand went between us to stroke my cock.

I broke the kiss and started sucking her nipples, and the sound of her moans made me slightly nervous about getting caught. Suddenly she gasped several times, and her juices literally soaked my hand.

"Oh God!" she panted, "Fuck me! I haven't been fucked in three days, and I need it so badly."

We sank down to the ground, and I quickly got on her and shoved my cock into her as she cried out and began moaning louder than before. "Quiet," I said, "We'll get caught."

"I don't care," she panted. "Just fuck me, now!" So I did, driving into her as the moss dug into my knees. Her pussy was tight and seemed to milk my cock as I fucked her. We screwed like animals, and she squealed and yelped as her climax hit her.

When I couldn't hold out anymore my cock exploded inside her, and I came so copiously that I could feel my sperm running out of her around my cock as I went on pounding at her until I was spent.

As we lay catching our breath I heard a twig crack, and I looked up to see one of the grounds keepers, a young college-age kid, standing there watching us, his eyes wide open, his mouth gaping.

I scrambled to my feet, but Lorna didn't; she just lay



"Her pussy was tight and seemed to milk my cock as I fucked her. We screwed like animals, and she squealed as her climax hit her"



there looking up at him, not saying a word, her legs still spread, my sperm leaking out of her. Finally she smiled and said to him, "Go on, do it."

The kid hesitated for just a second before dropping his shorts and getting down on top of her, as I stood watching. He drove into her hard and began slamming away at her with the urgency of a man possessed. I began to stroke my own cock as I watched him fuck her, and when he tensed up and came inside her, I came too, shooting my load onto the mossy carpet.

A minute later the youth had disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared. I helped a weak Lorna to her feet, and we went back to finish our golf game, not even mentioning what had just taken place.

When we had finished I asked her if she'd like to play with me again sometime. "Sure," she said. "Just give me a call. Maybe we could even set up a threesome or a foursome sometime. Who knows?"

Is it any wonder that golf is my favorite game?—*R.G., Cicero, Illinois*

He was a retired plumber, but he still cleaned a lot of pipes

A month ago I found a leaky pipe in my bathroom. As my husband was away, I called in Cal, a retired plumber who lives in our neighborhood and still does odd jobs. He's a nice old fellow and I've always liked him.

When he showed up I wasn't exactly formally dressed. I was wearing an old T-shirt that was so short it barely covered my ass, and my breasts were clearly outlined. I didn't worry about it, since I figured Cal was too old to be interested.

Well, I was wrong. As he went about fixing the pipe, the old man spent a good deal of time eyeing me up and down, and it made me horny. Finally I went up to my bedroom, took my panties off and dropped them on the floor. Then I called Cal to come help me move a dresser before he left.

When he walked in I deliberately bent over to pick up the panties, giving him an eyeful of my bare ass. I even wiggled it a little for his enjoyment. I looked back over my shoulder and smiled at him as I put the clothes on the bed. Then I got on my hands and knees, ass in the air, and looked back at him again.

Well, I never thought an older man could get undressed so fast. Naked, he got behind me, and I was amazed to see that he was better hung than my husband.

"This is a special treat,"

he said. "I rarely ever get one so young and pretty." Then he drove into me with a forceful shove that made me cry out.

"You mean I'm not your first housewife?" I asked, between moans and gasps as he banged away at me.

"No," he chuckled. "Usually it's older ones looking for extra action when their hubbies are gone." Then he totally shocked me by adding, "I've even fixed some things for your mother when your dad wasn't home."

"You're fucking my mom?" I gasped. By then his prick was buried to the hilt inside me.

"Yep," he said proudly, slapping my ass. "And now I'm fucking you too."

He felt so good inside me that I couldn't blame my mom. In fact he did such a good job that he had me climaxing harder than my husband ever had on his best day.

He fucked me two more times before he was done, and when he left I promised to have more work for him again really soon.—*C.O., Trenton, New Jersey*

We always say it's better to be chased than to be chaste. If you've had an experience you think will turn fellow readers on (and maybe inspire them to do a little pursuing of their own!), write a letter and send it to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department PC, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or e-mail your letter to: letters@ffn.com

"'You're fucking my mom?' I gasped. By now his prick was buried inside me. 'Yep,' he said. 'And now I'm fucking you too'"



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LETTERS

His wife had a thing for black men, and they returned the feeling

It was my 52nd birthday, and to celebrate, my wife Maggie and I decided to spend the weekend in a hotel in the city. The plan was to spend two days having sex, going shopping and eating at expensive downtown restaurants.

We checked in early on Saturday, and as soon as we got settled in our room Maggie began to unfasten my pants so she could suck my dick before she rode me to a climax.

After she had done that, having experienced two orgasms in the process, my wife decided to pay a visit to Victoria's Secret to buy some new lingerie. She asked me if I wanted to come with her, but I decided to pass, saying that I hoped she would model her purchases for me when she got back, and she promised to do so.

Maggie is a beautiful woman, five feet three and 115 pounds, with perfect 34B breasts and nipples that measure three quarters of an inch when hard, which they are most of the time. She is 51 years old but can pass for 35, and she still attracts a lot of male attention wherever she goes.

While she was at the mall, as she related to me later, a young black guy saw her looking in the window of the store and made his way over to stand next to her. As usual, she wasn't wearing a bra, and

her nipples were trying to burst through her tight white T-shirt.

Now, a couple of years earlier Maggie had had her first black cock, a 10-inch pole that had stretched her pussy and given her so many orgasms that she had lost count. Later that same night the guy had brought two of his friends to the motel where we were staying, and all three of them had spent the weekend fucking her brains out, while I watched and kept her pussy cleaned up.

Since that time my wife had developed a real thing for black men; and furthermore, it seemed as though somehow every black man who saw her could tell that this was so. She must have given out some kind of aura or something, because they flocked to her like moths.

Sometimes, even when I was with her, they would still hit on her. One or two have even told her, with me standing right there, that my white dick couldn't take care of her the way they could. We both knew they were right, and though I still tried my best to keep her satisfied, and though she always enjoyed our lovemaking sessions, it was black men who really got her fire going.

So she was not surprised when the young man approached her, though she was a little taken aback by his boldness as he immediately cupped her ass cheek, saying, "Hey, I got something for you, Mama."

Maggie didn't move away. She just turned to look him in the eye as she said, "Listen, sonny, I've got kids older than you."

The man grinned at her. "Yeah," he replied, "but they don't have ten inches of black cock for you, do they?" As he said this he reached down with his free hand and squeezed his cock through his loose trouser leg. She said her pussy gushed when she saw the outline of it, and her nipples poked even more strongly against her shirt. Meanwhile the young man was still squeezing and rubbing her ass. "I'm Darren," he told her. "What's your name, baby?"

Maggie told him her name, and then said she had to go into the store to buy some things. With that he took her arm and led her through the door into the lingerie store. Without hesitation, he led her to a part of the store that featured the most revealing lingerie, and



she followed him without protest. Darren then began to pick out items he thought she should buy, and she found herself agreeing with all his choices. When they were through he led her to the checkout counter, where she paid for all her purchases. She knew everyone in the store was watching them, and for some reason that knowledge only added to her excitement.

After they left the store Darren led her to the food court in the mall, where they sat down at a table. He then asked her where she was going next, and she told him she was going back to the hotel to join her husband.

Darren shook his head. "Not yet," he said. "We have to buy you a dress first, and then we'll go back to the hotel, both of us."

Maggie then told him that it was my birthday, and that we had planned to spend it alone. Darren just smiled. "Yeah, well, I'm changing your plans," he said. "I know you love black cock, baby, and I am going to fuck you while your husband watches. It can be your birthday present to him, okay?"

Maggie was tremendously excited by this idea, though she tried not to show it. She asked him how he could tell she had a thing for black man. Darren grinned again. "Sugar, a black man can tell when a white mama craves black dick," he told her. "The way they walk when one of us is around, the way they

stand, the way they look at a brother. Shit, lady, I knew your ass was made for black cock as soon as I saw you standing in front of that window."

He then told her to call her husband on her cell phone so she could tell him she was bringing company with her. She hesitated at first, but finally she called me. But when I answered, Darren took her phone.

"Yo, man, this is Darren," he said. "Just want to let you know that me and your woman will be there in a little while, and I'm gonna be doing a little pussy stretching, you know? You can watch, and I think you'll enjoy that, right?"

I immediately understood that my wife had picked up a black stranger, not an unusual occurrence, and I just hoped she hadn't got herself into something she couldn't handle. "Okay," I said carefully. "Now let me talk with my wife."

When Maggie came on I asked her what was going on. She told me Darren was someone she had met at the mall. I asked her if she was all right, and she said yes, she was fine, and that she was bringing Darren back to the hotel with her. I asked if she wanted me to call the police, and she just laughed. "No," she said. "I don't think he wants to hurt me. He just wants to fuck me. Is that okay with you?"

"I can handle it if you can," I said.

"Okay," she said. "See you soon."

After she hung up she



smiled at Darren. "Okay," she told him. "Let's go buy a dress."

They found a high-class women's clothing shop, where Darren picked out a gray jersey dress, very short and very tight. He told her to go try it on, and to bring her panties back to him. She went into a dressing room, and when she came back, carrying her panties in her hand, she saw that Darren was standing with one of the

salesgirls, waiting for her. She quickly put the panties behind her back, but as she walked up to him, Darren stuck out his hand for them. "Give them to me," he said as she hesitated, and Maggie turned red as she put her panties in his hand. He then brought them to his nose. "Yeah, you smell hot, woman!" he said. The salesgirl just stood there, saying nothing.

Darren then said she also needed some high heels,

LETTERS

and when the salesgirl fetched several pairs he chose one and had Maggie put them on. He also told her to continue wearing her new dress, so the girl put her other clothes in a bag for her, and she paid.

As they left the store Maggie said, "Don't you think this dress is a little short for someone my age?"

"Hey, you were lucky they didn't have anything shorter," Darren told her.

"Anyway, just how old are you?" She told him she was 51, and he said, "No fucking way!"

She smiled. "I told you I have kids older than you," she said. "What are you, 21 or so? My kids are 25 and 28."

"Yeah, well, I bet they don't know their mother likes black dick," Darren said. "So tell me, how many black cocks have you had anyway?"

"Well, I had my first just a couple of years ago," she told him. "And I've had maybe 15 or so since."

Darren grinned. "Yeah," he said. "I knew you were a black cock slut."

"Come on, don't call me a slut," she said, "just because I have given myself to some black men."

He laughed. "Okay, babe," he said. "But when you take my ten inches I am going to ask you again if you're a slut, and I bet you'll say yes."

They had gotten to where she had parked her car by then. He asked her for the keys, and when she complied he moved the car to

an isolated spot in the parking garage. He then pulled out his cock, and Maggie saw that it was already hard. He didn't say anything, just looked at her, and she leaned over and took him in her mouth.

She quickly found that his cock was so thick that at first she could barely get the head into her mouth. She worked on him as she gently squeezed his balls, until she finally was able to take in about six inches. "I'm going to come, baby," he said then. "Don't lose a drop."

Maggie started swallowing as quickly as she could as he shot out spurt after spurt, but some of his come spilled out of her mouth, and she brought her hand up to catch the overflow. After he had finished and

she had cleaned him up she licked the rest of his jism from her hand.

Having replaced his cock and zipped himself up, Darren started the car and they headed back to the hotel. When they got there he pulled up in front, and the valet parking attendant came out to get the keys. He was a young black man, and Maggie knew he had seen her leave wearing a T-shirt and jeans, so when he saw her in the dress he knew something was going on. When she slid out of the car her dress pulled up, and he got a good look at her smoothly shaved pussy. He whistled and said, "Hey, looking good, Mama."

Maggie ignored him, but as Darren gave him the keys, the attendant asked him if he could have a go

when Darren was through. Darren grinned and said, "Maybe so, man," and he pulled the back of her dress up to show the guy her bare ass.

As they rode up in the elevator Darren started kissing her and fingering her pussy, which was gushing so copiously that she was wet all the way down her thighs. When the elevator stopped and another couple got on, Darren didn't stop fingering her, and she couldn't help moaning as she had an orgasm. When they reached her floor, Darren told the other couple to have a good night, because he surely meant to.

When Maggie opened the door Darren followed her into the room, where I was waiting for them. I saw that Darren was about my



height, six feet two, and probably weighed 165 pounds. But what really surprised me was how young he was. Normally Maggie went for more mature men, but obviously this was a different story.

She started to introduce us, but she only got a couple of words out before Darren told her to get her dress off and get on the bed. "And spread those legs wide," he commanded her, "because I am going to open your pussy up." As she did as he said he turned to me. "You can stay and watch," he told me. "But just stay out of the way. All I need you for is to clean up when I'm through. Okay? You're not gonna cause any problems, are you?"

"Hey," said, "if she wants to fuck you it's okay with me."

"Good," he said.

"Because she definitely wants to fuck me."

By then Maggie was whimpering with impatience because Darren was taking so long. He quickly removed his clothes and got between her legs, where he started rubbing his plum-sized cockhead between her pussy lips until she finally squealed for him to put his cock in her. She was so wet that he was able to get six inches in fairly easily with the first shove, and he got all but an inch or two in on the second push. The third thrust buried him up to his balls, and he leaned down and kissed her, pushing his tongue deep into her mouth.

After kissing her for a long time, Darren started fucking her with fairly short strokes, until he had loosened her up enough so that he was able to pound his cock into her so hard that she was bouncing off the bed with each thrust. He fucked her for about half an hour before finally filling her pussy with his come. When he pulled out of her it was with a pop, leaving her with a gaping pussy, a steady stream of his love batter running out of it. Maggie was spent, having come so many times I could hardly believe it. I had not seen her get fucked like that in a long time, if ever.

When Darren recovered his breath he sat up beside my still panting wife and reached for the room phone on the night table. I was puzzled when I heard him ask for valet parking.

"Hey, man," he said after a moment. "This is Darren—you know, the dude with the white woman. Hey, when do you get off, man?" There was a pause. "Okay, listen," he went on. "The lady's husband will be down to get you around then, so wait for him, okay?"

When he hung up I asked him what was going on, and Darren said that Maggie was going to give the valet parking guy a nice tip. Maggie had rolled over onto her belly, and Darren slapped her on the ass and told her to go clean up, and to put on the super-sexy white teddy she had bought when they were out shopping earlier.



While she was gone Darren started telling me how he loved to fuck white women. He liked to stretch their sweet little pussies, he said, and he especially liked fucking married women. He said they knew what they wanted, and were hardly ever bashful about wanting black cock. He said he especially liked to fuck them while their husbands watched. Most of the time it took a lot of work to get his 10-inch cock all the way in, but sooner or later

he would usually succeed. He said some of the women would start by complaining that his dick was too big or that he would ruin their pussy; but when he got in and his cockhead was hitting the back of their cunt, they would be begging him to go deeper and to come inside them.

Maggie came out of the bathroom about then, and Darren whistled, saying, "Looking good, baby." Her white teddy was so thin and transparent that she might

as well have been naked. She had also touched up her makeup and put on a bit of perfume. "You know," Darren said, "I got some friends who would like to have them some of that hot pussy."

He then pulled out his cell phone and took a couple of pictures of Maggie. Handing the phone to me, he said, "Scroll through the pics and you can see some of the women that have got bit by my black snake." There must have been 20 different women in there, both younger and older, and they were all great looking. He told me he had fucked them all, and I didn't doubt it for a minute.

We were all getting hungry, so we ordered room service, and when it came Darren had Maggie answer the door in her transparent

going off duty. So I did. His name was Lester, and he looked even younger than Darren, maybe 18 or 19. I had left my key behind, so when we got up to the room we had to knock on the door. When Maggie opened it she was still in her teddy, but this time it was open in the front and her tits were hanging out.

Lester didn't waste any time. He went right in, grabbed my wife and kissed her hard as he squeezed her ass. When he let her go she sank to her knees to open his pants, and when she fished his cock out I saw that he was well hung—maybe not as long as Darren, but almost as big around. Maggie let out a moan and took him in her mouth, sucking him until he was as hard as black steel.

Darren then told her to get on the bed and spread her legs. Lester proceeded to get undressed, and as he moved to the bed he slapped hands with Darren, telling him thanks.

Lester began by licking my wife's pussy a couple of times before shuffling up and putting just the head of his dick inside her. He then told her to raise her ass so she could take all of his black cock. Maggie reached out and put her hands on his ass, clutching at it so she could pull herself closer to him. Lester leaned down and kissed her again, then pushed his cock all the way in until his balls were resting against her ass. Maggie had a big orgasm when he did that, and then she started moaning for him to please fuck her.

"The bellhop who brought our food was a black man of around 50, and Darren had Maggie suck his cock for a tip, so he left happy"

white teddy. The bellhop who brought our food was a black man of around 50, and Darren had Maggie suck his cock for a tip, so he left happy.

When we finished eating it was around a quarter to six, and Darren told me to go down and get the valet parking guy, who would be



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LETTERS

"This is better than with your husband, isn't it, Mama?" Lester asked her.

Maggie was panting hard. "Hell, yes!" she gasped out. "And he knows it, so please fuck me with all of your cock!"

Lester proceeded to do so, bringing her to another climax before Darren told him to roll over and put her on top. He had found some lube I had brought along, and as they continued to fuck he spread some of it on his cock and in her asshole. When he was finished he told Lester to hold on a second, then climbed up behind Maggie and put his cock in her ass. It took him 10 minutes to work himself in to the point where he could actually fuck her that way, but for the next 15 or 20 minutes my wife was orgasming constantly as she was screwed by both of them, moaning and begging them to fuck her, and to shoot their come in her holes.

When they finally both came inside her, she climaxed so hard she nearly passed out. But instead of pulling out of her, they just rolled over onto their sides, with Maggie still between them. They were hard again in no time, and they fucked her that way to another big orgasm.

Finally Darren pulled out and told Lester to continue to have fun while he took a shower. Lester was still fucking her when he came back. "Shit, that boy can go," Darren said to me, grinning admiringly. "And

your wife can take a lot of dick, man!"

The two of them spent the night fucking Maggie, while I slept in a chair in the corner. When I woke up it was almost nine in the morning, and both of the

She was a lot older than he thought, but did it really matter?

When I got divorced and moved to a new neighborhood two years ago, I met a lady named Letitia, who

didn't have a man. I couldn't see a gray hair on her head, and no stretch marks or wrinkles, other than some very faint crow's feet around the eyes. She had curly dark hair, blue eyes and a nice smile. She also had the



guys were gone. Maggie was passed out on the bed, still naked, her pussy and ass red and swollen, her body covered with come. Darren had left me a note saying that I should let her rest up during the day, as he and a couple of his friends would be back that night. And they were.

It was the best birthday celebration I had ever had.—G.V., *Duluth, Minnesota*

hung out at a local bar which I also frequented. She was a good looking, mature woman, who I guessed to be in her late 40s or maybe early 50s. She was pleasant to talk to, and we often sat at the bar and chatted over a few drinks. Over the course of a few months we became good friends. She was really a hell of a nice lady, widowed but not bitter, and very outgoing.

I often wondered why she

prettiest pair of legs I'd ever seen, smooth and shapely. I told her several times that her legs should be on a billboard somewhere, advertising stockings or high-heeled shoes, but she just laughed. I sometimes heard other people making comments about her legs as well, even though her hemline never rose more than an inch or two above her knees.

I found her legs so attrac-

tive, along with the rest of her, that after a time I began to flirt with her a little. Since I had never seen her come in with a guy, I figured I had a good chance. Letitia knew what I was after, and she was good-natured about it, even seeming to enjoy the chase, though she would scold me gently whenever I suggested that she go home with me.

After many attempts, she allowed me to kiss her neck and nibble her ear one night, but that was it. A little later on she let me pet her knee as we sat at the end of the bar where no one could see what we were doing. I managed to get my hand under her conservative dress, and those thighs felt every bit as good as I had imagined. But after a few minutes she stopped me and pushed my hand away before things went too far.

But then finally, one Friday night, Letitia agreed to go home with me. I was surprised but happy, and even more surprised at how bold she was once we were behind closed doors. She kissed me very passionately, rubbing herself against me like a cat in heat.

When I began undressing her I saw that all my efforts had been well worth it. Her breasts, though small, had very little sag, and her body had almost no wrinkles. Her hips were soft and curvy and her skin as smooth and creamy as could be. She also had a lovely little ass, and of course those gorgeous legs. Her legs were very arousing!

She let me explore her fully without protest. Her cunt was pretty too; it looked like an 18-year-old's, with short, taut lips and a little pink crack. When I went down on her, her pussy had an intriguing scent and tasted delicious. She squirmed and panted as I ate her out, and then she came like crazy.

Once I started actually fucking her I found out how snug and hot that pussy was. She was so tight that it was almost painful to get into her. But once I did she wrapped her legs around me and met me stroke for stroke, moaning and clawing at my back as we fucked our brains out.

Letitia stayed with me all that weekend, and she let me fuck her any way I wanted. I really got a thrill when I got to nail her doggie-style as I slapped and probed her ass. When she didn't object to me putting my finger up her ass, I went for it and stuck my cock in there too. She moaned and winced a lot, and I had to go very easy, but after 10 minutes I finally got all the way inside her asshole, and we shared an intense anal fuck.

Because she was unable to get pregnant, she also took every load I shot into her pussy, or anywhere else, and by Sunday evening we were fucked out.

As we lay talking, somehow the topic of an old TV show came up, and Letitia mentioned that she had seen the original episodes before they were reruns.



“She was so tight that it was almost painful to get into her. But once I did she wrapped her legs around me and met me stroke for stroke”

LETTERS

I laughed and said she must be kidding, as she wouldn't have been alive then. Letitia frowned and said she most certainly had been. I told her not to kid me, because that would make her at least 65 or so.

"Sixty-eight," she corrected me.

"Get out of here!" I said, but she assured me she was telling the truth. She even showed me her driver's license. I was com-

pletely astonished, because she certainly didn't look a day over 50.

The next time I was in the bar without Letitia, I got into a conversation with the bartender, who had known her for a long time. He had also known Letitia's late husband, and he confirmed what Letitia had told me.

When I said I could hardly believe it, the bartender grinned knowingly and winked at me, "You took her

home last weekend, didn't you?" he said. "How was it?"

"It was awesome," I told him.

He nodded. "I heard she's good in bed," he chuckled.

I didn't have the heart to ask him who he heard that from. But I didn't really care. The woman had a great body, great legs and was a fabulous fuck. Why should I worry about how old she was? I decided not to, and Letitia and I have been fucking ever since.—C.N., Xenia, Ohio

She enjoyed his huge tool, and so did her mother and her aunt

For about a year now my wife Olivia, a really hot cougar/MILF, has been getting fucked once a month by a young man half her age, with an unusually large prick. She loves it, he loves it, and I'm okay with it, for reasons I will tell you about.

It all started with my wife's niece, Alice, who lives and works in a nearby city. She is in her late 20s and is an unusually attractive lady, tall, slim, and shapely. About three years ago, Alice's long-time best male friend, Ross, finally became a "friend with benefits." The two of them had not hooked up previously because neither of them wanted to risk their friendship on an affair that might or might not pan out. But then Alice began hearing from some of her female friends that Ross was unusually well

endowed, and that he knew how to use what he had. The word was that his cock was nearly nine inches long. Alice was intrigued, but resisted for a time her impulse to bring up the subject with Ross.

But one evening, over a dinner accompanied by a liberal amount of wine, she found herself probing and even teasing him a bit over what she had heard about his manhood. Ross took it in good spirit, and admitted that his endowment did indeed measure up to the rumors she had referred to.

"Wow!" was Alice's first reaction. But after a moment she went on, "Well, Ross, all I can say is I've never had one as big as that, and frankly, I don't know if I could handle it. I think I'll stick with more average guys."

Ross smiled at her. "I can understand that," he said. "But if I may say so, I think you're missing out. Some of the women I've had were initially reluctant, but when they tried it they couldn't get enough. In fact, I think I could guarantee you satisfaction." Then he suddenly stopped, his face going red. "Wait a minute," he said. "That didn't come out right. I didn't mean me personally, I meant some other guy . . . I mean . . ."

Alice smiled at her now flustered friend. "Why, Ross," she said teasingly. "Are you saying you'd prefer to have me do it with another man, rather than fuck me yourself?"

For a moment he was



speechless. "Okay," he said finally. "I know you're only teasing, but I can't let that go by. The fact is, there is no one in the world I'd rather fuck than you. If it wasn't for the fact that we are such good friends . . ."

"Ross!" was all Alice could say.

"Well, you might as well know," Ross went on. "It's you I think about when I jerk off, and I often fantasize about you when I'm fucking other women. Sorry, but that's how it is."

"Ross!" Alice said again. Then: "You won't believe this, but that's how I feel about you too!"

For a long moment they just stared at each other. Then they both said, almost simultaneously, "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

Half an hour later they were in Alice's apartment and in her bed. Alice was still a bit apprehensive about his size, but though he was indeed every bit as large as advertised, he turned out to be the perfect considerate lover. Alice found herself yelling for more within 10 minutes, and all night thereafter.

After that, as I said, Ross became a "friend with benefits," and though they fucked each other at least once a week, their friendship remained intact, and as strong as ever.

About once a month Alice's mother, Lenore—who was also my wife Olivia's sister-in-law—would come into the city to do some shopping, and she and Alice would spend some



time together. Lenore is still an attractive lady, and the two of them often got hit on together, which made them giggle.

One night Alice invited Ross to join them for dinner. Ross and Lenore had never met before, and they got along very well. At one point, while Lenore was in the rest room, Ross said to Alice, "My god, Alice, your mother is fantastic! Friendly and bright, and, I might add, very attractive.

"It's you I think about when I jerk off, and I often fantasize about you when I'm fucking other women. Sorry, but that's how it is"



And sexy." He paused, and then said, "I hope you won't mind my saying this, but I would love to make love to her. She's a real MILF!"

"Well, thanks," Alice said, laughing. "That's a real compliment to my mom. And my dad agrees with you."

A little later it was Ross's turn to excuse himself. When he was gone, Lenore leaned over the table and said, "My goodness, what a handsome young man! If I were younger, I'd pounce on him myself."

Alice stared for a moment. Then she said, "Well, Mom, there are a couple of things you should know. First of all, Ross has a nine-inch penis, and a pretty thick one too."

"Oh my God!" Lenore gasped. "You lucky girl! I've never had one that big, but I've thought about it. How does it feel?"

"Hold on, Mom. The other thing is that when you were in the ladies' room he said he thought you were very attractive and sexy. A real MILF, is what he said. And then he said he'd love to fuck you."

Lenore's eyes and mouth

opened wide, and she swallowed hard a couple of times. "Alice!" she gasped out. "I'm your mother! And I'm old enough to be his!" There was a pause. Then she asked, "Did he really say that?"

Alice nodded.

"But—but how . . . I mean, when and where would I fuck him?"

"How about tonight, in my bed?" Alice said. "I'll sleep on the couch."

"Oh my God!" Lenore said again. But at that point Ross returned.

"Ladies, I hope you're talking about me," he smiled as he sat down.

Lenore took a deep breath. "As a matter of fact," she said boldly. "Alice was telling me about your . . . endowments. And you know what? I think you're a MILF too. A man I'd like to fuck. Now."

Well, they both got their wish, of course. Alice slept on her couch that night, although much of the time she was kept awake by the moans and cries coming from her bedroom. But she didn't mind; she was happy that her mother was getting as much pleasure out of Ross as she had.

From then on Lenore's visits to town generally included spending a night with Ross, and Alice, of course, still continued to fuck him regularly.

And this is where my wife Olivia comes in.

She and her sister-in-law were so close that it didn't take her long to sense that something new, big

and exciting had entered Lenore's life. When she inquired, Lenore at first denied that anything had happened, but when Olivia persisted, she came out with it. "Okay," she sighed. "If you must know, I'm getting fucked by a young man with a nine-inch dick."

Olivia looked like she'd been hit with a two-by-four. "What?" she gasped. "I can't believe . . . you mean—" Lenore nodded, "Why, you lucky lady!" Olivia breathed. "Tell me all about it! Spare nothing!"

So Lenore spared nothing. Now that her secret was out, she poured out every detail about Ross, Alice and herself. As she spoke it was evident that Olivia was getting more and more excited, and at the end of her recital Lenore grinned at her and asked, "So, Olivia, do you want in?"

That stunned Olivia for about five seconds. And then she said, "Yes! Oh my God, yes!"

Olivia, incidentally, told me about this conversation that same night, making sure I was all right with it. Of course she knew I couldn't deny her such an unusual and exciting experience. We are totally confident in each other's love.

Soon after that the two ladies got together with Alice, and the three of them hatched a plan. Alice invited Ross out to their favorite restaurant, telling him that this time she was bringing along not only her mother, but her favorite aunt as well. Ross may have realized that

"She was kept awake by the cries from her bedroom. But she was happy that her mother was getting as much pleasure as she had"

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something was up, but he said nothing.

On the night of the dinner all went well. Olivia was at her flirtatious best, and Ross was obviously very taken with her. When the sisters-in-law went to the ladies' room, he expressed his approval to Alice.

"Damn, girl, your aunt is as fantastic as your mother! In every way."

Ross's dick was hard and throbbing. As soon as the door was shut, Alice and Lenore quickly pulled his pants down, proudly displaying their gift to my wife.

Olivia gasped aloud. "Oh Jesus Christ!" she got out, and she moved behind Lenore, as if for protection.

Lenore wheeled away from her, laughing. "Oh no, you don't," she giggled. She

I need that prick right now!" And with that she grabbed his huge rock-hard cock, pulled him up by it and tugged him into Alice's bedroom. The other two women followed. By the time they got there Olivia was lying flat on the bed, her legs spread wide in anticipation.

As anxious as Ross was to fuck Olivia, he showed his patience and consider-

for several minutes, after which they watched as that saliva-dripping prick found its way between Olivia's glistening labia. There was a pause, and then a squeal from Olivia as the head of it disappeared in her folds.

Olivia caught her breath sharply, but within a few moments she was begging for more. And Ross gave it to her, an inch at a time,

"The two ladies proceeded to lick Ross's cock for several minutes, then watched as it found its way between Olivia's glistening labia"

Alice smiled at him. "And?"

"And yes, I'd love to fuck her," Ross said. "Tonight. Right now."

"I think that can be arranged," Alice said. "Why don't I go tell her." And she did.

When the three ladies returned they quickly settled the bill and hustled Ross out to the street. As soon as they were outside Olivia made a grab for Ross's crotch. It was a three-block walk to Alice's apartment, and starting with Olivia, each lady in turn grabbed him by the crotch and pulled him that way for a block, the other two ladies walking closely in front as shields.

Of course, by the time they got to Alice's place

then pulled up Olivia's mini-skirt and pulled down her lacy, and now soaked, bikini panties.

Wide-eyed, Ross immediately fell to his knees, buried his face in Olivia's pussy, and started licking voraciously, eliciting another cry of, "Jesus Christ!" and then a series of moans as she clung to his shoulders, swaying and shuddering.

Thirty seconds later Olivia had one of the most intense orgasms of her life. As it washed over her, her knees began to buckle, and Alice and Lenore hastened to hold her up. Ross, meanwhile, was slurping and swallowing, and moaning with delight.

"Oh dear God!" Olivia gasped when she had recovered. "I need his prick.



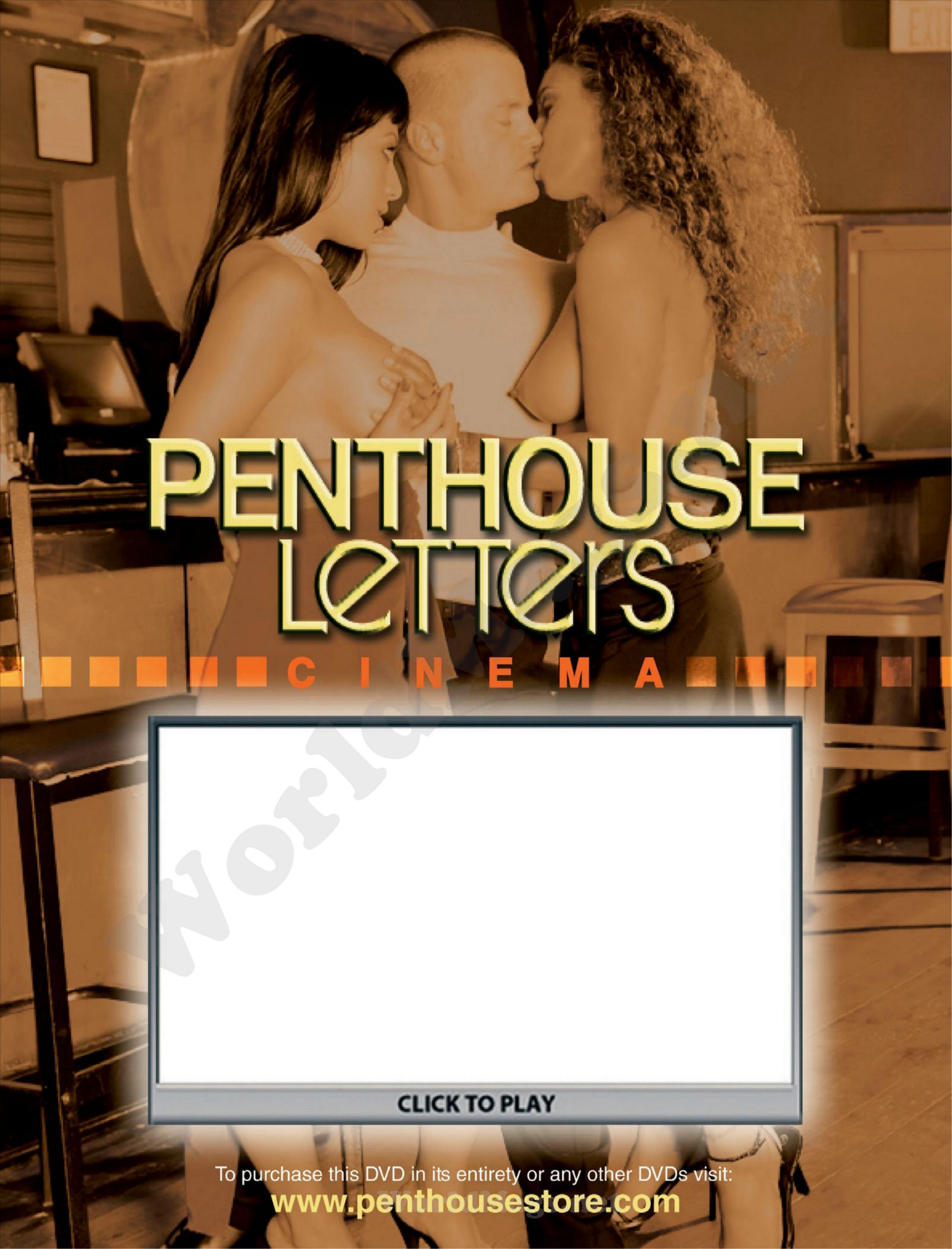
ation by pointing out that, due to its size, his dick might need some additional lubrication before he stuck it into Olivia's tight little pussy.

That was when Lenore spoke up. "Hell," she said. "Alice and I can provide that. Okay with you, Olivia?" Olivia nodded appreciatively, and the two ladies proceeded to lick Ross's cock

until she had taken it all.

Olivia's cries of pleasure grew louder as Ross now began slowly to fuck her. Seeing that all was well, Lenore turned to Alice with a smile, saying, "I think our work here is done." And with that the two of them left the room.

In the living room the sounds of passion could still



PENTHOUSE LETTERS

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be heard, even through the closed bedroom door. Alice turned on the TV and ratcheted up the volume, which drowned out the groans to some extent, though not completely.

Twenty minutes later, however, the two women became aware that there was no more sound from the bedroom. After listening for another minute, they got up to take a peek. Ross and Olivia were still fucking, but softly and quietly now. Ross was moving inside my wife, but slowly, and they were kissing, not passionately, but softly, amorously, with much caressing. The two women retreated, carefully closing the door again behind them.

It was another hour before the two lovers emerged, both looking exhausted but happy. Alice had drinks ready for them. Ross took his and raised his glass. "A toast to the two best cougars anywhere!" he announced, smiling at Olivia and Lenore.

Olivia quickly retorted, "A toast to the nine best inches anywhere!" and they all laughed and drank.

Olivia then declared that

she was going to take a shower, and invited Ross to keep her company. Luckily, Alice's shower stall was just big enough for two people. Olivia began washing Ross's dick, which, in spite of the exercise it had so recently had, soon swelled up again. "You know, I never got to taste that thing," Olivia said, and she promptly fell to her knees, took as much of him in her mouth as she could, and then proceeded to suck him off.

Olivia arrived home shortly after noon the next day. Five minutes later she was flat on her back again, legs spread wide and getting wildly fucked. This time I was the lucky guy.

As soon as she walked in the door, I knew immediately that something had changed in her. Not that she was any less sexy; on the contrary, her sultriness and sensuality seemed to have doubled. She later said she had been concerned that I might find her less attractive, not only because she had made it with a strange man, but also because she had enjoyed it so much, and in fact was looking forward to doing it again in the future.

Over the next two hours I continuously attempted to assuage her fears, showering her with affection and compliments, and showing her my intensely aroused reactions to her detailed account of what she had done. It was a good thing I had saved up my come for several days, as I needed every bit of it for our several

bouts of lovemaking.

So, as I said at the beginning, my wife Olivia has been getting fucked once a month by a young man half her age, with an unusually large prick. It's been going on for a year now, and she says that each of their fucks is as good as or better than their first. And in spite of this—or maybe because of it—our sex life is also better than ever. Especially after she has been with Ross, and comes home to tell me all about it.

Lenore and Alice continue to fuck Ross too, of course, but he is not their only lover. Lenore has lately fucked a few of Alice's other boyfriends, who Alice recommends to her, including several black men. Although Alice has offered to cut Olivia in too, she hasn't fucked anyone else yet, though if she did I could go along with it, as there is no doubt in my mind that Olivia and I love each other more than ever, and whatever she wants to do is fine with me. I am just happy in the knowledge that I am married to the world's greatest cougar, MILF, sex bomb and sweetheart.—

Name and address withheld

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Don't Ask—You Know

While he was deployed overseas, he worried about whether it was right for his lusty fiancée to be deprived of sex

When my wife and I got engaged I was in the Air Force. We moved in together—and we had a terrific time until I got my orders for overseas deployment.

During my eight-month tour we stayed in touch with letters, which took almost a week to arrive. At first Ginny gave a summary of what she did each day, like shopping with girlfriends, or a movie, or dinner with friends. Then I got a letter saying she and her friend Carla were going to the beach on Saturday. I realized that by the time I got the letter this had already happened, so in my reply I asked if she had a fun day and said I'd love to get a picture of her in her swimsuit.

It took almost two weeks to get her reply. She said they had a great time, and *did* take pictures. She enclosed a few, showing her and Carla in *very* sexy bikinis. I'd never seen Ginny in this suit. It was white and *very* skimpy. It was obvious that she'd just gotten out of the water, and the wet bikini didn't hide much. She has a great body, with long dark hair, olive skin, a great

ass and large, firm breasts. The material covering those ample breasts and beneath her flat stomach was thin enough that I could see the dark ring round her hard nipples, which were sticking out for all to see, and I could make out dark pubic hair through the bottom.

In the photos I couldn't help noticing *four* towels laid out—with a baseball cap on the one next to the one Ginny was sitting on and a pair of men's sneakers on the one next to Carla. It hadn't occurred to me that they might have gone to the beach *with guys*! Presumably one of the guys was taking close-ups of Ginny's sexy body.

I knew Carla was a free spirit, very much on the wild side. She had plenty of boyfriends and made no secret that she enjoyed sex with a number of them. But Ginny always acted more conservative, at least around me. Even though I was a little concerned and jealous, I figured there was no harm in her going to a public place with male friends. After all, we weren't married yet. So

in my letters I didn't mention the extra towels or the items that showed there were men with them.

A week or two later I got a letter saying Ginny and Carla had gone to a certain lounge on Thursday and had a fine time. Carla had convinced her she needed to get out once in a while to keep from going stir crazy—she hoped I was okay with it. I knew all about the lounge in question (I don't want to mention the name). I'd been there a few times before I met Ginny. It was a place where servicemen from the Air Force base as well as civilian men went to pick up local girls.

I also knew that Thursday was ladies' night—no cover charge for the gals and their drinks half-price. A lot of the women were married with husbands away, and most made no attempt to hide their wedding rings. It was a signal that they weren't interested in a relationship, just a night out with possible benefits for a lucky guy.

During the night there would be various contests. One I remembered vividly

was the T-shirt one. To win one of the lounge's T-shirts, a girl was supposed to pair up with a guy and go up on the platform, where the guy would buy a shirt and stand behind her. While striptease music played, he would take off her top and bra and slip the T-shirt on, getting plenty of feels of her bare breasts, with the audience cheering until the music stopped. Normally the couple hooked up for the rest of the night.

There were also the usual wet T-shirt and dirty dancing contests. I couldn't help wondering if Ginny participated in any of them, and how far she would go. I had a good idea that Carla would *do it all*, including taking a guy back to her place for a night of sex. I wondered how much influence Carla would have over Ginny. I know that when Ginny drinks, she gets a little wild, and also horny. I could just see her onstage with some man undressing her and having his way with her breasts, then spending the night together.

As I thought about Ginny, I realized I had put her in a



LETTER OF THE MONTH



difficult position. She enjoys sex, and we were doing it several times a week until I shipped out. I knew I wasn't her "first." She told me she'd been intimate with several men, and that was never an issue for me. Now here I was halfway around the world, thinking she would just sit around like an old maid waiting for me. And I realized that wasn't what I wanted!

I loved Ginny and wanted her to enjoy herself while I was gone, even if it meant being in the company of other men. We could pick up the pieces when I got back. As I continued to think about Ginny possibly having sex with other men, I even started getting excited visualizing it. In my next letter I told her I was glad she was getting out and enjoying herself and I was glad Carla was encouraging her. I told her she should have a good time, just to be careful and remember that I love her. I was really saying I was okay

with her being with other men while I was gone.

Over the next few months Ginny told me she and Carla were having a blast, going fairly often to the beach and to the lounge and to parties. Sometimes she went with Carla, but other times there was no mention of her, making me wonder who she was with. She admitted she often drank too much—which I took to mean she got horny and had sex. She never came out and admitted she was seeing other men, but she didn't try to hide the fact that she was quite the party girl. The more I thought about Ginny with other men, the more excited I got.

I finally got back to the States, and we resumed our relationship like nothing happened. We had great sex starting the first night I got home. Ginny mentioned she was on the Pill so we no longer needed to use condoms. I said I liked the fact that I could come in her pussy,

and she said she liked it too.

A couple of weeks later Ginny was out shopping on Saturday morning, and there was a load of wash in the dryer. I decided to fold and put it away. As I was putting Ginny's things in the drawer, I came across several of the lounge T-shirts. I also found some very sexy panties and bras I hadn't seen before. I

I didn't say anything to Ginny, but that afternoon we ended up having wild sex. She asked what got into me, and I said I was thinking about her while I was putting her underwear away and just had to have her. She said I should do the laundry more often. I had an idea that she realized I came across the T-shirts and sexy underwear.

A few days later I dropped a pen down behind my nightstand, and when I pulled it out I found a condom wrapper—a brand I never used! This confirmed what I knew: that Ginny was having sex while I was gone, and bringing guys home to fuck in our bed. I put the condom wrapper next to the nightstand, where she'd be sure to see it and would realize I must have seen it. Later that afternoon the wrapper was gone!

That night we had amazing sex again. Ginny said I sure was turned on. I said she was so sexy, I couldn't

"She seemed to be in a trance during their dance-floor close encounters. I visualized them fucking in our bed"

got excited thinking of Ginny on the platform at the lounge wearing her sexy underwear with some guy stripping off her top and sexy bra and feeling her up while the audience watched and cheered. I wondered how far she went with the guys that bought her the T-shirts.

help it. Neither of us mentioned my discovery.

Not long after that, Ginny and I got married—a small wedding with just close friends, and after that Carla threw a small reception at her place. I noticed one of the guys come in wearing a baseball cap like I'd seen in

the beach photos and wondered if this was the guy. He was big and muscular, and when Ginny saw him she went right over and thanked him for coming. He gave her a longer kiss than would normally be appropriate and also placed a hand on her ass. She brushed it away. I heard her say to cut that out, she was a married lady, and they both chuckled. Then she came back to me.

I said, "He seems friendly." Ginny smiled and said, "Oh, that's Josh. He was a good friend while you were gone." At the party she consumed a lot of alcohol and was feeling no pain. She danced a lot with Josh, and they were very intimate—him pressing into her stomach, her pushing her breasts into his chest. She seemed to almost be in a trance during their dance-floor close encounters. My mind going back to the condom wrapper, I visualized them fucking in our bed.

That night at home Ginny was a wild woman. She said she needed a good fucking and kissed me while stripping my clothes off, getting us both naked in no time. In bed, she pulled on my cock and said she needed that big cock in her. Once I got it in, she said, "Fuck me hard, baby. Fill me with your big cock. Stretch my pussy good. Come in me the way you like it, babe."

She went on and on, and I knew it was Josh she was thinking about, not me. My cock isn't small but it's not by any means *big*, just average. Ginny was normally pretty conservative with me, and

never called me "baby" or "babe," and didn't ever say anything about my cock being big. I said the sexy talk really turned me on, but what I was thinking was that Josh must be really hung and during their frequent sessions while I was gone they got down and dirty just like she was doing with me tonight.

A few months later I was discharged from the Air Force and landed a job in the maintenance department of a company that had a number of locations. I had to go out of town often to help at those locations. Once I was gone for two weeks and called home late Saturday night and got no answer, so I tried Ginny's cell, which went straight to voice mail. I left a short message that I missed her and figured she had turned in early.

The next afternoon she called and said she was sorry she missed my call, that her and a few friends had gone to Josh's house, relaxing in the Jacuzzi on his deck with pitchers of margaritas, and it was late when she got home. She said she hoped I didn't mind. I said I was sorry I had to leave her alone so often and no, I didn't mind her having fun with her friend while I was gone. I was sure she got my meaning.

Awhile later I came home from a week away and Ginny said she had volunteered my services to help Josh. His hot-tub jet sprays weren't working. He'd bought a new pump but was uneasy about installing it, and she'd said she was sure I would help.



I went over that Saturday morning, and saw why Josh wanted help. With the hot tub built into the deck, and the access panel located underneath, it took both of us working in the tight space till noon to get the old pump out and the new one in and hooked up. Then he gave

me a tour of the house. In the rec room, beside the big-screen television was a shelf of DVDs that turned out to be all skin flicks. There was a typical bachelor-pad bedroom with a king-size bed, but also nicely matted and framed black-and-white photos of beach scenes, light-

LETTER OF THE MONTH



houses and waterfalls on the wall that I guessed Josh took.

This was confirmed when he showed me the spare bedroom he'd converted to a photo studio. There were lots of photos scattered about, including some of women in sexy lingerie and others nude. I could see that they had been mostly taken around the house, some in the studio, some out on the deck, others in the rec room or bedroom—all very professionally done. I checked to see if there were any of Ginny but didn't see any.

We ended up back on the deck. Josh said we should try out the tub to make sure the pump would hold up. He said, "Hop in," he'd grab us towels and beers. I said, "Sounds good, can I borrow a swimsuit?" He laughed and said the deck was private

and no one wore suits in the hot tub. He stripped off his shorts and jockeys and went inside. I got a quick glimpse of his cock—it was large. I undressed and got in the tub.

A few minutes later Josh returned and while handing me a beer stood in front of me with one leg up on the side of the tub. He made no attempt to cover up his large cock and big balls hanging down. I assumed he was making a point of showing off what he had, and what Ginny had been getting while I was away.

After a couple of beers I got out and dried off and got dressed. Josh got out and dried off, facing me and making no attempt to conceal himself. He rubbed his cock with the towel, then dropped it, leaving his large cock

hanging down semihard. He smiled and thanked me for the help and said if he could do anything for Ginny or me, consider it done. I thanked him, thinking he was already doing my wife.

When I got home, I told Ginny the Jacuzzi was back in service, and told her I got a tour of Josh's house, including his studio and some of his work. She blushed, then said, "He enjoys his hobby and is very good at it." When I said we even tested out the Jacuzzi before I left, she looked a bit nonplussed, perhaps thinking I now knew about Josh's "no suits" hot-tub policy and knew that her and Josh had spent time together naked in the hot tub and done more than sit.

She said she was glad it was fixed, and since I got to enjoy it, I'd have seen what

a great way it is to relax, and she hoped I didn't mind her doing so when I'm away. I don't mind at all, I said, provided she lets me know when she goes. I left it at that.

The next time I was gone, I got a call from Ginny on Thursday while I was having dinner at the hotel. She said Josh invited her to join him in his hot tub tonight and wanted to know if it was all right with me. I figured she and Josh had talked about the day I helped with the pump, and she was really making sure it was all right for her to have sex with him. I told her to go and enjoy herself and asked if she wanted me to call her later that night. She said no, Josh had a movie he thought I would enjoy, so she might be late.

That night I visualized them naked in the rec room watching a porno flick and him fucking her with his big cock. I figured they would spend the night in his king-size bed, and that's why she didn't want me calling. I was tempted to call our house early the next morning, but decided against it.

When I got home the next night, we had dinner, then went to bed early. When I took Ginny's panties off, her pussy lips were puffy and red, and she was open and stretched from the strenuous workout Josh gave her. I went down on her, thinking about that hard fucking the night before. Her pussy was wetter than ever, and I knew I was eating some of his come along with her juices.

She got excited and said, "That's it, baby, eat me good."

Suck on my clit. Lick those lips. Stick your tongue in me. I'm horny, baby. I'm wet and ready for you."

Then she swung around and took my cock in her mouth, deep-throating me for the first time. When I was ready to come I pulled away, but she said, "Don't stop, baby. I want you to come in my mouth." I came hard, and she took it all down her throat, then licked up what was still seeping out of my dick, and took my balls in her mouth and sucked on them. She gave me a big kiss, sticking her tongue in my mouth, then said she loves "sucking on your big cock and tasting your come." Since this was the first time I ever came in her mouth, I assumed she must be talking about Josh or other men. I wondered just how often she had done it.

After a few minutes she said she was going to get me hard again so I could fuck her "with that big thing,"

and said, "Roll over." She got on her hands and knees and said to get behind her. I did, and entered her from behind. "That's it," she said. "Fuck me hard, baby. Can you see your big dick in my pussy, baby? Oh, I love it." I knew she was thinking about being with Josh. They must have had some wild time!

We both came, then collapsed. When Ginny recovered, she looked sheepish. "Sorry, honey," she said, "I got carried away." I said that she should get carried away more often, that she was *fantastic* tonight. She said I was too good to her.

We've still never come out and discussed her extramarital activities. I really love my sexy wife and am proud that she has turned into such a free spirit. I now look forward to my trips, knowing she'll be fucking other men. She calls to let me know she's going to the lounge, or to Josh's, or to other places such as bars or hotel lounges.

"That night I visualized them naked in Josh's rec room watching a porno flick and him fucking her with his big cock"

and she sucked on me until I was hard. She rolled over on her back and spread her legs, smiled and said, "Come on, baby, fuck me now." When I put my cock inside her, she was loose and slippery. She said, "Stretch me, babe, with that big cock."

Then she stopped me

One night Ginny said she was going night swimming at the dunes with friends. "Night swimming at the dunes" is a term for going skinny-dipping with your partner in a secluded area, then fucking in the sand hills. I said to have fun and "be sure not to get sand where it doesn't belong." She



laughed and said she'd be careful, but I should check her out when I get home. Then she thanked me for being so understanding.

Ginny usually arranges to have sex the night before I get home, knowing how turned on I am by her well-used pussy, and we have

hot sex that first night home. She's always very vocal now when we fuck, and has her way of letting me know about the men she's fucked.

It's all just our little secret, or not-exactly-secret, as the case may be. I wouldn't have it any other way.—*Name and address withheld*

FEATURE

by Dave Gable



When the household was threatened with catastrophe by the housekeeper's sudden absence, there was a single ray of hope—in the form of an unlikely possible fill-in

The Attraction's Mutual





Ever since I can remember, Helena has been a vital part of our family—I sometimes think the most indispensable part. My mother bristles anytime anyone refers to her as “the maid,” even though she does cook and clean up after us, which we certainly wouldn’t be able to do for ourselves. “Housekeeper” is more like it, but still makes her sound like a mere hired hand. “Mother hen” probably captures it best. No one could ever say a bad word about her. She is the kindest, sincerest woman, always greeting us with a cheerful grin. She says our family is her pride and joy aside from her daughter, Izabella.

I often wondered if we could survive without Helena. Fortunately, for the longest time we never had to find out! In all the years she had worked for our family, she’d only missed one day of work, and that had been when she gave birth to Izabella 21 years before. Those were some of the thoughts running through my head when I took the phone call from her that morning, wondering how on earth I was going to break the news to my mother.

I tried to underplay it, just telling Mom that Helena wouldn’t be able to make it to our house today, but she turned white as a sheet. “Jeffrey,” she said, near hysterical, “what’s happened to her?”

“Nothing serious,” I said. “Told me she threw her back out.”

“How could this happen?” Mom shrieked. I could tell she was thinking the worst, like that Helena was lying in a hospital bed with a rack of broken bones and damaged vital organs. “How long did she say she’s going to need to recuperate?”

“Her doctor said a few weeks.”

“Are you kidding?” Mom screeched,

her voice cracking. “We’re going to be a mess without her.” She clutched her chest like she was experiencing sharp pains. The way she was carrying on made it seem like we were doomed. Sadly, this was probably true.

I had visions of dirty dishes piling up in the sink (well, make that take-out cartons—no one in our house knew the first thing about cooking), of a thick layer of dust and grime covering every surface of the house, of—well, who even *knew* what all Helena did? That was the point. Because she was always there, *we didn’t have to know*.

“I guess I’ll have to start looking for a replacement for the time being,” Mom said, sighing. She sat down as though her body couldn’t support her weight anymore.

“No need,” I said. “Helena told me Izabella’s available to fill in.”

Hope crept into Mom’s eyes. “Really?” she said. “Is she a housekeeper?” True, she’s suspicious of any newcomer, but the fact was that although we’d been hearing Izabella’s name for 21 years, none of us had met her, or really knew that much about her.

“No,” I said, “but Helena said she’s a neat freak and keeps her own house spotless, and you know what that means coming from Helena.” I could see Mom wasn’t convinced, but she seemed resolved to hope for the best in the face of this catastrophe.

A day later, and not a minute too soon, I heard my mother welcoming Izabella to our home. I jetted downstairs, curious to finally meet her. I honestly didn’t know what to expect, but I certainly wasn’t expecting much in the looks department, at least if her mother was anything to go by. I had to allow

that I hadn’t known Helena in her prime, but from her appearance over the time I’d known her, I had to wonder if she’d ever *had* a prime, although every now and then I did catch a glimmer in her eyes that seemed to hint at some long-hidden beauty that had survived the burdens of a life of toil.

Still and all, as a horny 18-year-old male faced with the prospect of a new female entering the household, I could only hope for the best. Making my way down the stairs, I heard Izabella before I saw her, and realized that for no good reason I was expecting her to have at least some of her mother’s thick Polish accent. What I heard, though, was a lilt with no hint of an accent.

And then I got my first glimpse. I saw immediately that Izabella was a good five inches taller than her mother, and probably half the weight. Coming closer, I saw smooth, youthful skin, mesmerizing caramel eyes and, concealed in her blouse, a firm and generous set of tits. It was blasphemous to think it, but maybe I wouldn’t miss Helena quite as much as I expected.

“Oh, this is my son, Jeffrey,” Mom said when she noticed me gawking.

“Very nice to meet you,” Izabella said politely, and I noticed her *giving me* a quick but thorough once-over. I was hoping she liked what she saw. Over the last year I’d gotten pretty serious about my workout regimen, especially trying to add some muscle bulk to my lean frame. My gymnastics coach was not thrilled (“show muscle,” he calls it), but I’d learned only too well over my years as a gymnast that despite our chiseled bodies and athletic prowess, we don’t exactly rake in the babes the way that, say, lumbering

linebackers do. Sure enough, the ladies in my life have seemed to respond to my somewhat-bulked-up physique.

The first thing I said was, "How's your mother doing?" It was easy to sound sincerely concerned. I was.

"Better, thanks," she said, and I noticed her eyes lingering on me! "I stopped to see her on the way, and she sends her love to everyone."

Then she and my mother were talking about household stuff that went totally over my head, so I waited for an opportunity to insert a quick "Well, see ya." The smile she gave me lodged in my mind as I turned and headed back upstairs. By the time I got to my room, my cock was fully engorged.

The following day I witnessed Izabella in a modest skirt that showed off her long legs and a tank top that really accented her rack. I sat on the top step of the staircase enjoying the view. It had certainly never occurred to me to watch Helena clean, but I couldn't keep my eyes off her daughter. God, she made housework look sexy! The way she was absorbed in cleaning, and hummed while she did it, and the way her smoldering body swayed—it all made me unbelievably horny.

Then when she bent down to adjust the setting on the vacuum cleaner and one of her tits popped out of her tank top, my cock shot up so fast, I thought it would explode. I had an overpowering impulse to rush down there and cop a feel. But I controlled myself, remaining where I was while she shoved that breathtaking tit back in her shirt.

I had such a boner that it ached. I needed quick release, and rushed to my bedroom, peeled off my briefs and got a tight grip on it. I began stroking it urgently—the entire shaft, up and down, flogging it with such abandon, I thought I might set it on fire. I couldn't help myself. The recent image of Izabella had me in a frenzy. If that's how hot one tit of hers is, I thought while I jerked myself, imagine what seeing *the rest of her* would do to me.

I was so focused at the task in hand that I didn't notice the intrusion into my room until I realized that standing over me with a vacuum cleaner at her side was the muse to my heavy-duty masturbation session.

"I'm so sorry," Izabella said sweetly and innocently.

My, er, activity was shot to hell. "Holy shit, why didn't you knock?" I bellowed as I quickly pulled my briefs on, struggling to stuff my boner in them and then to keep it from sticking through the slot.

"I did knock," she said, plugging the vacuum cleaner into the outlet adjacent

to my dresser. "But I guess you didn't hear me."

"So you just barged in?" I snapped. My manly self-esteem wasn't boosted by having the woman of my dreams walk in on me spanking my monkey.

"Well, I cracked the door open," she said, "and I thought you were nodding, that you were signaling me to enter. But now I know you were doing *something else*." Her cheeks reddened, but her eyes were bolder, narrowing in concentration on my badly concealed boner. Did she know that she was the cause of it? Did I hope she *did*?

My cock wasn't going down, and Izabella wasn't moving. Finally I said, "Please leave," pulling the plug out of its socket and tossing the cord toward her. She gathered the cord and pushed the vacuum cleaner out of my bedroom, and I slammed the door. Then I finished jerking off.

Later that day Mom confronted me about "mistreating" Izabella. Apparently she had ratted me out! I'd have been really pissed at her if I wasn't so horny

for her. She was getting under my skin. Why did she have to be so hot?

"Jeffrey, why were you so harsh to Izabella?" my mother asked me when she found me sprawled out in the den. I didn't know how to reply, in good part because I had no way of knowing how much gory detail Izabella had included in her crime report.

"Me? Harsh?" I stammered. "I don't think that's right. Why, what did she tell you?" As soon as the question was out of my mouth I was sorry I had asked it. It opened the possibility that *I might have a conversation with my mother about me beating my meat*. We never talked about anything relating to sex in our house!

"She just said that you mouthed off to her when she wanted to clean your room," Mom said. I resumed breathing. "I know she's not Helena, but there's no reason to torment her. These people are practically family, and Izabella is doing us a tremendous favor by filling in for her mother. So you better treat her right."

"Izabella had ratted me out! I'd have been really pissed if I wasn't so horny. Why did she have to be so hot?"





“My eyes studied her increasingly naked body. I couldn’t decide what part I liked best, but didn’t fret long”

Mom was really getting worked up! “It’s just that she—” I tried to explain the situation, but there was no way in hell that I was going to explain the precise circumstances of the, uh, misunderstanding that morning.

“I don’t want to hear any lip, Jeffrey,” she scolded with her arms crossed. “You have *got* to apologize to Izabella. We are *not* going to lose Helena on account of your rude behavior toward her daughter.”

“But Mom—”

But she was already on her way out of the room, pissed at the crisis I had apparently created with Izabella, *on top* of the crisis with Helena. It was up to me to smooth things over.

I found Izabella in the kitchen making dinner. She was tossing some garlic she had minced in a pan with some sausage and homemade sauce. It was a special dish of her mother’s, and judging by the smell, she had mastered it. My brain switched momentarily to food-type hunger. But then, as I took in the sight of Izabella again, it quickly switched back to the other kind of hunger. In her skimpy apron she looked good enough to eat.

When she looked up from her cook-

ing, our eyes met. Her caramel eyes bore into me. I wasn’t sure if the stove was the only thing causing the heat, but it seemed to be enveloping us both. I wanted to pull her against me and shove my tongue down her throat.

“Dinner will be ready in a few minutes,” she said in an icy tone. No hint of heat there!

“Look,” I said, “I’m sorry for the way that I kicked you out of my room. I just freaked out that I was—uh, that you saw me—uh—” I couldn’t bring myself to say it.

“You shouldn’t be embarrassed,” she said in a much less chilly tone, one I would describe as almost *soothing*. “Everyone pleases themselves.”

“Yeah, I doubt that *you* ever have to,” I said under my breath.

“But I do,” she said, sounding kind of shaky. “I’ve been, well, lonely since my boyfriend and I broke up last year.” She was avoiding eye contact now by directing her eyes toward the saucepan. It was her turn to feel self-conscious.

“See, you’re embarrassed just talking about it,” I said. “And it’s not like I caught you in the act or anything. Now do you understand why I snapped at you before?”

“I understand,” she said, with a hint of a smirk.

“Let’s just forget it,” I said, hoping to get my mother out of my hair, ideally without her finding out what had actually happened.

“But I can’t forget about what I saw,” she said, just looking at me.

“Why not?” I said.

“Because I can’t stop thinking of you—” She grew shy again.

“Of my *what*?” I said.

“Your stiff penis,” she said, stirring the sausages awfully energetically.

“And?” I said.

“And?” she said. “And what?”

I wanted to know if she had any particular thoughts about—well, about my—oh, for Christ’s sake, about my *raging hard-on*. I didn’t say that, though. What I said was: “You know, about *what you saw*. Did you have any, you know, thoughts?”

“Ah!” she said, then blushed. Then she whispered, “It turned me on so much that I’ve been wet all day.”

Just then *my father walked in!* It couldn’t have been my imagination that Izabella and I were together in a horny cloud. Unless my ears were failing me, this stunner had said she was attracted to me. There was no way I was going to ignore an opening like that, except possibly at this exact moment. If there was anyone I thought of as farther outside the realm of sex than my mother, it was my father.

“Smells like one of my favorites,” Dad said, taking dramatic repeated whiffs.

“Oh yes, sir,” Izabella said. “It’s my mother’s recipe. She told me how much you like it.”

“My mouth is watering,” he said, leaning in closer to the pan to inhale more of the delectable aromas. “It smells like it’s ready.”

“Yes, sir,” she said, “but it’s got to cool off for a few minutes.” She took the pan off the burner.

“Smells heavenly,” he said. “Just like your mother’s.” Then he left the kitchen, leaving Izabella face-to-face with me. There didn’t seem to me any mistaking the desire in her eyes.

“Meet me in my room after dinner?” I said. She nodded.

I sped through dinner, barely chewing my food. My mother warned me I would choke if I didn’t slow down. But then, she’s been telling me that since I was a toddler. And tonight I had a reason for wolfing my dinner down. There was no way I was going to be responsible for delaying Izabella from finishing her housekeeperly duties.

Later in my room I was waiting impatiently. I knew she still had to clean up

after dinner—wash the kitchen table down, load the dishwasher, whatever the hell that involved. I daydreamed about what I wanted to do to her. My cock had been hard since I got back to my room, and showed no signs of relaxing. I thought maybe it would be wise to take care of it myself, knowing I wasn't likely to have difficulty getting another erection. Then I had a mental image of Izabella catching me red-handed, as it were, a second time!

At last, thank goodness, I heard a soft knock on the door. "Enter," I warbled as enticingly as I could, hoping to make Izabella feel welcome as she reentered my domain. I propped myself against the pillows, slid my briefs off and sprawled out on the bed, leaving her room beside me to join me.

When she came in the room, my already-hard cock started to throb. She closed the door behind her and seemingly levitated her way toward me, removing an article of clothing with each step she took. My eyes studied her increasingly naked body. I couldn't decide what part of it I liked best, but didn't fret over this for long. I concluded that *her entire body* was the part I liked best. My wildly pulsing cock seemed to provide confirmation.

She tossed her long tresses over my taut torso—she *did* seem to appreciate my toned gymnast's body—and her tongue came to rest against my flesh, sending sensual chills rushing through me. She arched over me, jabbing her erect nipples at my mouth. I sucked on the cherrylike buds and nibbled gently on them. She moaned. And then she was grabbing for my cock! Soon her delicate fingers were wrapped tightly

around it, and she was pumping it in a steady rhythm.

I knew if I didn't touch her soon I was going to explode all over myself, and that wasn't the experience I wanted to give her. So I stuck a few of my fingers inside her perfect hole—not too tight or overstretched. She panted as I finger-fucked her. The moistness of her pussy made it easy for my fingers to explore and titillate her insides. The deeper my fingers probed, the louder her moans became. I had to caution her. My parents' bedroom was far away from mine, but you never knew when the old folks might be wandering.

I knew she was satisfied when I felt her cream all over my fingers. In a nanosecond I inserted my cock in her juicy pussy. That initial penetration of just my cockhead made my heart race and my blood boil. I caught her watching my dick entering her and said, "You like watching me fuck you?"

"Oh yes," she said while gnawing on my shoulder blade. "I can't wait to see your cock work my pussy."

I did my best to give her a show she would remember, driving in and out of her drenched hole. Her eyes widened at the sight of my cock disappearing partway and then reappearing, going in deeper each time until finally it was buried completely in her. We thrust and thrashed around my bed, our sweaty bodies melding wonderfully.

Izabella grew overpoweringly hot and bothered, signaling that the inevitable was near. Her pussy slammed forcefully against my cock, and her legs bucked around my waist, with her feet tapping my ass. "Fuck!" she moaned into my ear, careful now to

keep the noise level down. "Fuck, yeah!"

After a wild orgasm, she slithered her tongue down my body until she reached the mother lode, or should I say mother "load"? Then bingo, her tongue thrashed over my sac. She just about swallowed my nuts. I was on the brink of boiling over. She released my balls and captured my shaft in her mouth. She clasped her lips together around my shaft, and her tongue clobbered my cock while she massaged my balls, tantalizing my whole body.

"Oh yeah, Izabella, suck my cock," I groaned.

Boy, did she ever! As she intensified the delightful BJ, I decided I wanted to fuck her again. But as I tried to pull out, I noticed her suction was like a vacuum. She was determined to clean me dry! Well, I thought, why not let her finish? When I felt that it was coming, I warned her, "I'm about to explode." My voice vibrated while my balls stirred. It wasn't long before I lost it.

She responded by pulling me closer, so my cock was deeper in her mouth. In seconds I spurted streams of come down her throat. She swallowed about half and let the rest trickle down her chin. I wanted to wipe it clean, but the tissue box beside my bed was empty from my activity earlier that day. So I brought my comforter up to her face, then hesitated in midair, worried about staining the material.

"Might as well," she said, shrugging. "I've got to do a load of laundry anyway." As I wiped the come off her face, I said, "Guess you'll have to start dealing with a lot more loads." And I snuggled her close to me. ●



TRUE CONFESSIONS





SHE'S ALL WET

He'd always
heard of female
"squirters," but until
Tessa he didn't think
they really *existed*

Eight years ago I met the love of my life. I was in my late 50s and she was ten years younger, but even today she only looks to be in her early 40s according to everyone who ever meets her. She was absolutely beautiful—very petite, about five feet one, 110 pounds, with a tight body, a gorgeous dark tan, brown hair and the best-looking ass I could ever remember seeing, the result of a strenuous daily workout routine. As I discovered later, she was also a “squirt-er,” something I had always heard about but didn’t believe existed.

Tessa was the most innocent-looking lady you could ever envision—all class! After talking all afternoon, we discovered we were both in unhappy and dull marriages, and as the night progressed we realized we were really into each other. After I walked her back to her cottage, she lured me into her room, then pulled me close and began gently kissing me, I felt myself getting excited.

The next thing I knew, she pushed me against the wall, ripped my shirt open, removed her bra and rubbed her hard nipples against me. As she worked her way down my body, I felt her lips and tongue leaving wet circles all over me. Finally she reached my cock and began taking me in and out. She did things I could not believe, first sucking on my dick and deep-throating me, then gently blowing and kissing my balls, taking first one and then the other in her mouth. Within minutes I was ready to explode, and when I did, she swallowed every last drop, saying how good I tasted.

I made my way down to Tessa’s pussy, then kissed and sucked on the wettest and most beautiful one I had ever seen. When she eventually screamed that she was coming, her pussy shot squirt after squirt of the sweetest-tasting nectar, wetting my face and leaving a huge wet spot on the bed. She soon relaxed, but continued to fondle my dick, and in a short time this and her expert mouth had me hard again.

She screamed to *please fuck her*. Though I am not large, I struggled to insert my dick in the tightest pussy you could imagine. As the head of my dick entered her, she wrapped her legs around me and pulled me as close as possible, then gave me the ride of my life, all the time screaming “yes, yes.” Not only was her pussy tight, it was so wet that I actually felt her liquids rushing out onto the bed. Her pussy continued to suck me in, and she was moving around so much that I had to work to remain on top of her.

I was trying not to come too soon,



but then her pussy closed hard on my dick, and I shot my load in her. As I did, I felt stream after stream of wetness shooting from Tessa’s pussy, soaking both the bed and me. Though this doesn’t happen all the time, when she does get excited and squirts, it is the most unbelievable feeling. It is almost like she has turned on a faucet.

She apologized profusely, but when I told her how great it felt, she began kissing me with a passion unlike anything I had ever experienced. I was hooked at that point, but it was several months later that we realized how much we were alike and began falling more and more in love.

Eventually we left our spouses and, though not married, became one. A year or so later we were traveling to celebrate my birthday. We were in a very nice restaurant, having drinks before going to our table, and I left Tessa sitting at the bar to use the restroom and make a phone call. When I returned, she was talking to two professional gentlemen sitting nearby. She indicated that one of the guys had hit on her, saying how beautiful she was, and asking if we were married. She had said no but that we were in a committed relationship.

We continued to talk with the two

gentlemen and discovered that the one who had hit on her had the same birthday as I did. Tessa turned to me and asked if I would care if she gave him a “birthday kiss.” Since the bar was empty except for the four of us and the bartender and was somewhat isolated from the dining crowd, I said sure, if she wanted.

She walked over to the guy, said she had a birthday gift for him and began kissing him. I had anticipated a simple kiss, but that is not what happened. While I and the guy’s friend watched in amazement, she kissed the guy with everything she had. For the next couple of minutes, they stood kissing and rubbing against each other with their mouths open and their tongues probing deep in each other’s mouth.

When the kiss ended, the guy lost his balance and stumbled back into a chair, and we all laughed. He, his friend and the bartender and I were all shocked, since Tessa is such a beautiful, classy and innocent-looking lady. Soon our table was ready, but before we left to be seated, her new friend Ben took our phone number and indicated that he would call us if he ever visited our hometown.

About two weeks later Ben called Tessa and said he was coming to town

and would like to take us to dinner. We decided that she would tell him that I was out of town but she would love to join him if the invitation still stood. I told her I was okay with whatever she wanted to do with Ben that evening, as long as she did not embarrass us—and if they had sex, they used protection.

While Tessa dressed for the evening, I knew she intended to make it a night we all would remember. She wore sexy lace thong panties, allowing her pussy to show through, along with thigh-highs and a bra that allowed her 34Bs and erect nipples to be on full display under a classy little black dress.

When Tessa left, she said she intended to have fun and would call me before returning home so I could move to the guest bedroom if she decided to invite the gentleman in “to share a glass of wine.” From the guest bedroom I could easily hear everything going on, and if they decided to go in



“I told Tessa I was okay with whatever she did with Ben, if she did not embarrass us”



the other bedroom, I could peek in there without being seen.

When she returned, Tessa indeed invited Ben in, and before long moved to the bedroom. However, the evening only consisted of a lot of kissing, some petting and limited oral sex—him eating her pussy—because he had had too much to drink and could not get an erection. I heard him comment repeatedly how beautiful she was, how her kisses could seduce any guy and how great her pussy tasted, repeating over and over how wet it was and how great it tasted. After about two hours, she indicated to him that he would have to leave, that there could not be any sleep-overs.



Ben called Tessa many times over the next several months, but she never seemed to want to go out with him again and always made up excuses. However, remembering that night always aroused both Tessa and me, and we experienced some great sex recalling it.

About six months later Tessa received a call from a male friend from another town she had known before meeting me. He asked her to dinner. She said that she would enjoy seeing him but he should understand that she was involved in a relationship and was very much in love. She told me what a nice guy Garry was and said that at one time she had felt an attraction for him but that nothing had happened beyond a kiss one evening after they had drinks. But it was a very intimate kiss, she said. She still remembered how it dampened her panties.

I said that if she would like to see Garry, I had no objection. We both believe strongly that it is possible to be very much in love and still find others attractive and sexually desirable. She called him and arranged to go to dinner. Again I told her to enjoy herself, and said that I would remain hidden in the back bedroom in the event that he came back with her.

When Garry picked Tessa up, I watched unseen as she opened the door, and saw her give him a long and lingering kiss before they left for dinner. A couple of hours later she called and said they were on the way back and she would like to invite Garry in. I said that was fine, and I would move to the back bedroom.

When they arrived, they quickly made it to the bedroom, and I heard sounds of passionate kissing. When I heard the rustling of clothes, I peeked through the door and saw her with his cock deep in her mouth! Tessa loves to suck cock and is incredible at it. I heard slurping noises as she sucked him, then took his balls in her mouth. She screamed, "Oh yes, give it to me. I want to taste you." When he moaned, I knew he was filling her mouth with his juices. She wiped the excess off her chin and put it back in her mouth, while still licking and sucking on his cock and making certain she didn't lose another drop.

Garry went down on Tessa, and all I heard was Tessa saying how great he made her feel. I heard her moaning about how good it felt and begging him not to stop, and eventually the familiar shout that she was coming, and then the scream that she had "squirted." He told her how it excited him when she let



herself go like that. Then he noted how wet the carpet was where Tessa, while seated on the couch, had squirted onto the floor.

They rested awhile, talking while they had some wine. Then there was quiet, and I assumed they were making out. Then Tessa told Garry she would be back in a minute, and came to the back bedroom where I was, wearing only his shirt. She asked softly if I was okay with what was happening. When I said yes, she kissed me, then gathered some clothes and put on a sexy white lace thong and lace bra, a white garter belt and white stockings. Her dark tan and gorgeous body against the almost-nothing clothing was a sight to behold.

Before leaving, Tessa asked if it was okay to screw Garry without using protection. She said she was very comfortable that he was not a "player." I said the decision was hers, and she returned to the other bedroom.

When she walked in, he gasped in disbelief. She lit some candles, and he threw her on the bed and began kissing her. Through the opening in the door I watched him move in front of her and place his dick at her opening, but she stopped him and handed him a rubber. He protested but then quickly put the rubber on and worked at enter-

ing her while she screamed, "Yes, yes, fuck me, fuck me!" When he had barely begun to fuck her she was screaming how good it felt.

Suddenly she stopped him. I couldn't believe my eyes when she reached down and removed the rubber from his cock, saying, "You feel so good, I've got to feel your cock in me next to my skin. I want to feel you shoot in me. I want your come inside me." As she guided his bare cock in her, all the while begging him to fuck her, I knew she was about to give him a fucking he would never forget.

Garry began fucking Tessa so hard that I thought for a while they might actually break the bed. She was on her back rolling all over the bed, struggling to get him farther in her. She was grabbing and pulling on the headboard with her legs wrapped around him. She kissed him while he kept pounding into her. I heard the wetness of their bodies slamming together, and finally I heard Tessa's familiar cry that she was coming, followed by the sharp scream that signaled she was squirting. She drew his face to her and kissed him with lust like I had not often seen.

Afterward, they talked while they rested. Garry said what a turn-on it was when Tessa squirted, which made me

feel vindicated. I had always *told* her that *every* guy would enjoy experiencing the wetness from her squirting when they fucked, but she had always insisted that she could not do that with just anyone, that she was too embarrassed by the squirting. I guess his reassurance got her going again, because before long she was yelling again, begging him to fuck her.

I cracked the door and looked in, and saw Garry on his back at the foot of the bed with Tessa standing on the floor facing away from him while riding him, pushing against the dresser to achieve maximum penetration. Only a few minutes later I heard the familiar screams of coming and then squirting, with Garry continuing to shout how good it felt.

I couldn't believe how long they kept it up. Finally Tessa said that Garry should probably get ready and leave before I called. However, before he left,



“I had always
told Tessa
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she told him how much fun she had and promised to do it again soon.

No sooner had Garry left than Tessa came in the back bedroom where I was and began kissing me. Her probing tongue had me rock-hard in no time. I wanted her as badly as I could ever remember, and when I made love to her, I did not care, all I knew was that I wanted her and she wanted me. When I went to insert my cock in her, her pussy, though extremely wet, was swollen and tight, but after a little effort I worked my way in and got the ride of my life. We fucked for most of the night. The only problem was that by the end there was not a dry bed for us to sleep on.—Name and address withheld



LETTERS



Looking in the carton, he found a side of his wife he'd never known

After college my sweetheart and I found jobs in cities near enough to continue our relationship but distant enough to create a problem when we decided to get married. Our solution: to find a cozy place in the country *in between* the cities where we work.

We moved in right after our honeymoon, just dumping in the boxes of shit from our old apartments. One day I was doing some unpacking while Michelle was at work and inadvertently opened one of her cartons. It was full of videotapes. Intrigued, I carried it to the TV room.

There were 36 numbered tapes. I loaded "No. 1," and saw Michelle *lying naked on the bed in her old apartment masturbating!* As I sat captivated, the camera zoomed in on her glistening vagina and a male voice said, "You *like* playing with your pretty little pussy, don't you?"

"I *love* it!" she said. "But I need to be *fucked!*" Which shocked me. In our (*many*) sexual encounters, she *never once* used foul language.

The camera moved and came to rest on the chest of drawers at the foot of the bed. A tall, wiry guy climbed on the bed and pulled his shirt over his head. Michelle crawled between his long legs and unbuckled his belt. A moment later she pulled off his jeans and underwear. I gasped when his penis bounced out. Semi-hard it had to be nine inches long!

"Smile for the camera,"

he said, "and suck me!" To my horror, Michelle smiled, licked her lips and took his thick shaft in her hand! She admired it, then blew me away by lowering her face to his crotch and licking his balls, then lovingly taking one in her mouth. "That's it," he said, "lick my balls! I've held back from fucking all week to make sure I was loaded for your sex tape."

I felt a pang of jealousy. Michelle had rarely sucked my six-inch cock and *never* licked my balls. In truth, though she's a tall, stunning beauty who is checked out by every man we encounter, I had always found her shy, even clumsy, when it came to sex. But here she was servicing this guy's privates with obvious enthusiasm.

And I couldn't deny that I was aroused watching her, on her back with her head hanging off the foot of the bed, *try to deep-throat the guy*. Then he stood up and fed her his dick. As it disappeared in her mouth, tears streamed down her face. At that angle he could throat-fuck her. I couldn't believe it was my Michelle on the TV screen.

"That's it, swallow around it. Like that, sexy cocksucker! Shit, I'm going to come!" he grunted as he pulled his cock from her mouth, and groaned as a flood of jism poured into her mouth, followed by further streams in and around her mouth. By the time it was over, her face was coated like a glazed doughnut. She wiped the spunk out of her eyes, then reached for the spent dick,

took it in her mouth and nursed on it, occasionally pulling it out of her mouth and wiping it over her face.

"Your come is delicious," she said, "and you weren't lying when you said you were loaded. The question now is whether there's any left in these!" She was caressing his ball sac, held in

her palm. Then she took his tool back in her mouth and sucked it back to hardness.

It was surreal watching someone I thought I knew *everything* about, especially her likes and dislikes in bed. As I continued watching, I realized she was a lot more experienced and a lot less prudish than the woman I





thought I'd married. It also occurred to me to wonder if all 36 videos were home-made sex tapes.

Michelle was sucking that big cock like a woman possessed, at the same time tugging gently downward on the guy's testicles. "I'm almost there!" he moaned. "Suck faster!" She pulled his shiny fuckstick out of her mouth, then opened wide, stuck out her tongue and tilted her head back while continuing to pump his loose foreskin up and down. Suddenly his dick jerked upward in her hand and a blast of come filled her mouth. The next stream splashed across the bridge of her nose, and the next one against her forehead. She wrapped her lips back around his shaft, swallowing

the rest as fast as it came.

"Damn," said the guy, "if this is really your first time sucking cock, then girl, you are a *natural*."

The movie paused while the stars took a break, then started back up with him tit-fucking her and once again coming in her mouth. By the end of the video, I'd masturbated twice. I couldn't wait to watch tape No. 2.

That turned out to be a smoking-hot two-hour lesbian scene with Michelle and her maid of honor, Estella. They both said it was their first woman-to-woman experience. Estella was a petite Latina bombshell, and it was obvious they had it bad for each other. I jerked off slowly while enjoying the beauty of their coupling.

By then it was nearly time

for Michelle to come home from work, so I hid the carton in the attic. Over the next week I watched a tape each chance I got. Each seemed hotter and more depraved than the one before.

The first ten tapes were all "first time" experiences. Following No. 1 (first time sucking cock) and No. 2 (first lesbian tryst) came: No. 3, first threesome with two guys; No. 4, first threesome with a guy and a girl; No. 5, first time with a black man; No. 6, first anal experience; No. 7, first gang bang (with five guys); No. 8, first bondage as a total submissive to two much older, very demanding dominant men.

In No. 9, Michelle was in the front room of her apartment with ten guys sitting all around the room—one of

them my best man, my supposed best friend Chip. She stripped naked and one at a time crawled between their legs and sucked all of them off. By the tenth guy, Chip, her face and hair were covered in come.

I was incredibly aroused watching Michelle slowly suck Chip off. Part of me felt betrayed, but another part of me was more turned on than ever! I found myself jerking off while she blew him, and when he ejaculated in her mouth and all over her face, my jism shot across the TV room. The tapes showed that a person can have a hidden "dark side," no matter how close we think we are.

In No. 10, Michelle was dressed in leather and lace, sporting a cat-o'-nine-tails and using it, to my dismay,

on a professor from our college—a 68-year-old man she was treating as her slave. This was a side of Michelle I had definitely never seen any sign of.

She had the professor worship her feet, kissing and licking them, and she ordered him not to touch his dick. Not that there was

myself getting aroused. At the end she allowed him to ejaculate on her feet, then told him to clean it off with his tongue! While he did it, she finger-fucked herself as she watched.

The rest of the videos were mostly of Michelle doing a bunch of bachelor parties, each ending with

wedding dress, with nothing on underneath! I took out my cock and stroked off while watching her lift her veil, then suck his cock, allowing him to come all over her face.

Chip carried Michelle to the bedroom, then came back and got the camera, which he repositioned on the chest of drawers. He fucked her hard and deep, and despite my jealousy, I had to hand it to him—he had a thick seven-inch cock and definitely knew how to satisfy a woman. Near the end of the video he positioned her doggie-style and fucked her in the ass. Before he let her come, he made her promise he could fuck her anywhere he wanted and *any way*.

When she did come, she passed out and lay face-down on the bed convulsing. When she came to, she turned around lazily and in a dreamlike state took his dick in her mouth and sucked and licked it clean. That was the ending, and one of my favorites.

I hid the tapes, and eventually Michelle was going crazy wanting to know if I had come across a carton marked "PRIVATE DO NOT OPEN." I said that I hadn't but that I was also missing a couple of cartons and was going to complain to the moving company.

My problem now is that my wife doesn't know what I know about her, and I don't know how to take advantage of it. I have one idea, though. There's a guy I know from my company gym who's like six-three and not just built

like a linebacker but actually had a couple of seasons in the pros. I think he'd be "man enough" for Michelle. I get hard at the thought of them fucking, especially the thought of *seeing* them fuck. I'm working on a plan to hook her up with him so that I know about it, and then I'll see what might develop from there.

I have to jerk off now just *thinking* about it!—Name and address withheld

It was a terrific prize package, but the best part was the "extras"

Pat and I have been going strong for over 40 years and are still two horny people who make love at least twice a week. Often on Saturday nights we go with two or three couples either to a local club or to one of our homes. Either way, before the night is over we have a fling with all the others. It's worked for us because we all believe jealousy and dishonesty are first cousins.

However, Pat and I only act like this while we're with those friends—except if Pat has to travel for a meeting or to buy more goods for her shop. She always tries and mostly succeeds at finding a young guy who's also away from home. She's told me all the stories—like the time she spent a *whole week* with this guy in his early 30s.

In her shop Pat employs two young wives to assist her, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon, and in the afternoon a young man comes in for two or



much to touch—he was a short, stocky fellow with not much of a dick. Using the cat-o'-nine-tails, she was having him lick her pussy without touching it with his "chubby fingers." She came hard against his swirling tongue, then turned over and had him ream her sexy bubble butt.

Michelle really seemed to get off on the way she was treating the professor, and he was more than eager to be her slave. Midway through this tape I found

her fucking and/or sucking everyone there. There were a few more videos of her and her girlfriend Estella going at it, and one last video of her with my "best friend" Chip. It was clearly from *the night before our wedding!*

She smiled into the camera and told him he had better get his fill of her now because the next day she was "going to be made an honest woman." With that, she left the room momentarily, only to return *wearing her*



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three hours to help with the heavy work and keep the stock room in order.

One day the afternoon wife was with the young man in the stock room when the store got busy, so Pat went to get her to come out and help, but she was sitting on a carton with her panties at her feet and the young man licking her pussy. Pat said to them, "That looks like a lot of fun. When you're done, put yourselves back together before you come out."

After 25 years in business Pat finally won the yearly contest for sales in a small store. It was a one month's vacation for two in the Caribbean and \$2500 to spend.

We flew out early on a Friday morning but on the way were told that because

wait in the car while he got our luggage. In the car Pat, feeling the island heat, took off her bra and panties, leaving her in just a cute little dress and hat with sandals.

When Jerry returned, he said he'd just checked with the hotel and everything got mixed up—our room would not be ready until 3:30! He said we could go sightseeing until then and took us to a gazebo where they served food and drinks, and he got us two piña coladas each. They were quite large and took us awhile to drink. After we rested, Jerry suggested we go to a nice shady spot he knew near a pond where we could rest on the sand and go for a swim with no one there to bother us.

Pat thought this was a

decided to go for it—we all took our clothes off. Since Jerry was over by the car we couldn't see him at first. We just peeled off and went in to our waist. Then Jerry walked in toward us. You'll have to believe me, he was

huge, probably nine inches long. He just stood looking at Pat's tits and belly and started to get hard. It was a magnificent specimen, but so big, Pat worried that maybe she wouldn't be getting fucked after all! She's not

"In the car Pat, feeling the island heat, took off her bra and panties, leaving her in just a cute little dress and hat with sandals"

of a problem at the airport of our destination island we had to put down in Puerto Rico for a day, maybe two. We actually had a very nice day there (I won \$200 at the casino!) and at 6:30 the next morning were on a plane to our destination.

We arrived at 9. Our driver, Jerry, a tall (I'd say six feet six), handsome young man, was waiting with a sign with our name. Jerry had us

great idea. She was figuring out how she would seduce this giant of a man. She said she wanted to ride up front, so Jerry opened the door for her, and as she slid in, her dress rode up to her hips with her shaved pussy in full bloom. When we got to the place, in the middle of nowhere, she gave him another show as she got out.

We got barefoot and waded in the pond, then





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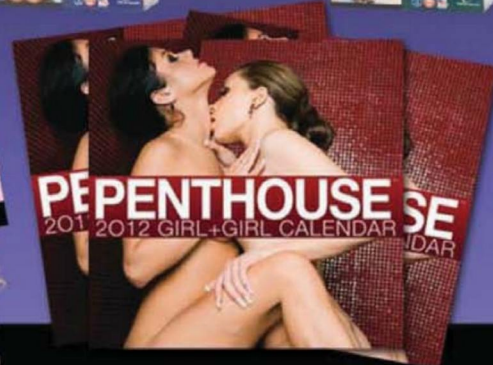


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wine. Jerry asked if he could pick up his mother at her workplace and let her stay with us the rest of the day. She works only three mornings a week, about ten hours total. When they left, I saw the car stop up above, near the tree line. They got out on the grass and Jerry was able to fuck Pat again for about ten minutes. Then they went on their errands.

They returned soon with the food and wine and Jerry's mother. While being introduced, Mom took off her shoes, then *pulled her dress up over her head!* Now stark naked, she walked over and shook my hand, gave me a tight hug and kissed me on the lips real nice. Glancing back, she saw Jerry and Pat about to start another fuck session. "Jerry," she called out, "behave yourself!" But he kept on pumping Pat.

After complimenting Mom on having such a nice son, I said, "Are you really his mother? Or maybe a sister? You're truly beautiful, and so young-looking to be his mom." She said Jerry was 18 and she was "in my 30s." Wow, it was hard to believe!

We ate our lunch and drank the wine, and Mom complained that "everyone's fucking" except her and me. So she played with my cock, then gave me a real good BJ. We fucked a little, but at my age I couldn't come again. She sure did!

Jerry and Pat got out of the water, and it was time to leave for the hotel. The car and driver were included in Pat's prize, and by their standard of living he was

even five feet tall, and was used to my six inches, or at most the seven of one or two of our friends at home.

Jerry came into the water and stood in front of Pat. She put her hand on it and told him not to get *too* big or maybe he wouldn't get to fuck her! He got drenched and then he drenched her, picked her up and brought her out of the water to the blanket. He asked her if it was okay to fool around. He was worried about me! What will Hank do? Is it really okay to fuck if Hank's here? After he got his okay, he started

kissing, feeling and rubbing her. Then he went down on her. She came twice in ten minutes. It was wonderful.

Then Jerry turned Pat to 69 position with him looking up. I went over beside them and watched her try to put that monster in her mouth and down her throat, but it slipped out and shot over her tits, face and belly. It was such a horny sight that we all got belly to belly and squished Jerry's load over the three of us.

We rested a little. Then Pat began to clean Jerry's prick and balls and see if

she could get him hard again. It only took a short time. It was really hot seeing that black cock slide in and out of her mouth. Then she asked me if I'd ever sucked a cock. I said never, and she talked me into trying it. I won't say "never again," because just then Jerry let go such a large load in such a short time that I got horny as hell and sucked him till he went soft.

It was time to get something to eat. I suggested that Jerry take Pat to a little store we passed and get some food and a few bottles of



NEXT ISSUE

The Girls of
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well compensated. So when Pat gave Jerry a handful of money, he refused it. So she gave it to his mom.

On Sunday we slept until about 10, then went to the dining room for breakfast. Most everyone was in a

there we were, and Jerry's got a hard-on. Well, Pat was having second thoughts about fucking an 18-year-old again, even if he was six and a half feet tall and had a nine-inch prick, but his mom said that most kids his

rest of our stay. Even the last day, on the way to the airport we stopped at the swimming hole for one last fling! We're flying them up this summer for a week as our treat, and hope to have more fun.—*H.F., Boston, Massachusetts*

Her husband thought he was going to make his fantasy come true

It started as another of our block parties, which always feature plenty of good food and booze, and pretty good company—if you've had enough booze. My husband always liked to joke that I could be found "making the rounds with a cocktail in her hand," which I suppose he thought was funny. That day I was wearing a modest but flimsy short dress with spaghetti straps holding the top just above my boobs. I was bare-legged except for a pair of sandals, and thought I looked pretty sexy for 41.

For a sedate suburban block there are a surprising number of cute guys, making me wish, as always, that their wives weren't my at-least-supposed friends. But there's no law against flirting, so that's what I was doing when I noticed a suspicious conversation—I'd almost describe it as "conspiratorial"—taking place between Walt (my husband) and our host, Enzo, plus another neighbor, Patrick—as it happens, two hunks I'd had my eye on for ages. I didn't know what was going on, but I had a bad feeling.

I tried to put it out of my mind, though, and enjoy the

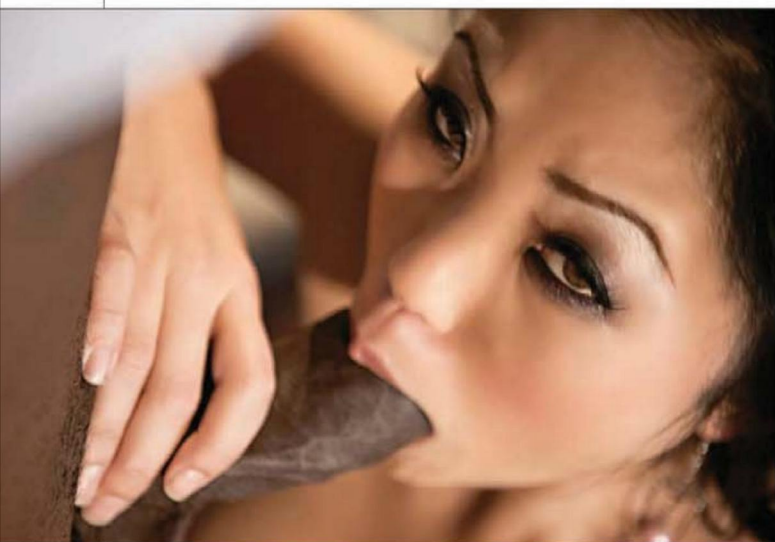
party. But an hour later, when a lot of the guests were leaving, my husband, grabbed my wrist and said, "I need to talk to you," and started to almost drag me upstairs. I had a good idea of what was going on, and when we got upstairs and I saw light coming out of an open door at the end of the hallway, I knew *where* it was supposed to be going on.

Sure enough, when I entered the room, there were Enzo and Patrick! I turned back toward the door, but Walt was blocking it. I figured I might as well let this play out a little to see what the genius had cooked up.

I was pretty sure it had to do with Walt's old fantasy of seeing me fuck some other guy—or, apparently, *guys*. I thought I had finally made him understand that *it wasn't going to happen*. The last time, I'd told him if he really wanted to "see" someone, he might try a therapist.

Enzo and Patrick—poor sweet, dumb but *gorgeous* Enzo and Patrick—were backing me up toward the bedroom wall, then had their hands on me. Hmm, this was kind of *my* fantasy coming true! Still, I knew I had to put a stop to it. *Or did I?* An idea was taking shape.

"Okay, boys," I said, "I don't know what you think is going on here, but *it isn't*. Or do the words 'alimony' and 'child support' not mean anything to you? Or 'never set foot in your house again,' and 'never see your children again,' and 'be lucky to walk away with the shirt on your back'?"



"Pat was having second thoughts about fucking an 18-year-old, even if he was six and a half feet tall and had a nine-inch prick"

bathing suit, as we were. We got back to our room about noon, and Jerry and Mom were waiting for us on the porch. They told us that the company that hired them said they had to come to offer us services at least three days a week and any other time we wanted. So

age have already fucked all the women they know on the island and it's considered normal. So Pat went in the bedroom with Jerry and got on with it. Mom worked me over until I got hard enough, and we did it again.

This went on through the



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Enzo and Patrick each had a hand on a boob, and they had been giving them a pretty good working over. Now they froze. If I worked this right, I would soon be enjoying a lot more!

Enzo turned to face Walt, who'd come closer to view "the action," and said, "You said she might need a little persuading, but not *this*."

"Oh Enzo, Enzo, Enzo," I said. "Don't you know better than to listen to morons?"

Patrick piped up. "We

swear, Meg, it was all Walt's idea. We would never—"

I put my finger over his luscious mouth to shush him. Oh God, that dimple in his chin! And as scared as he looked, there was an obvious boner bulging out of his pants! I wanted to rip off his clothes and just *fuck the shit* out of the big, beautiful dope. Well, that would come! "Oh, sweetie, I know," I said, then faced my husband. "Jesus, Walt, *you were going to have these guys rape me?*"

"I, I, I," he said. "I, uh—" "Right now I'm supposed to be twisting and squirming, struggling to fend off your brutish desperados? *Enzo? And Patrick?*" As I uttered each name, I gave the guy a full-on mouth kiss.

"I, uh, I, you know, I—"

"Oh, shut up," I said, then turned to the "boys." Patrick was edging toward the door. "Uh-uh, sweetie, you're not going anywhere. I think you'll be glad you stuck around. Didn't it ever occur to you that if you'd just asked nice, I might have forgotten that Jeannie is my friend?"

Patrick, turning to Enzo, crowed, "See, I *told* you she had the hots for me!"

Jesus! What were they, 13 years old? "Boys, boys," I said, "is this the time?" Oh no, Enzo was sulking! What else could I do? I clamped my mouth onto his. When he felt my tongue probing, he let it in, and we French-kissed awhile. Yum! Finally I broke the kiss and said, "I want you too, sweetie. God, I fantasize all year about pool weather so I get to see you in those Speedos! How the hell does a guy your age look that hot in a Speedo? Any age, for that matter."

Enzo stopped sulking. In his pants I saw the bulge I so loved seeing straining in those skimpy swimsuits.

"I know Rosie complains you're not much in bed, but I always think she just doesn't know how to, um, *bring out the best* in you. I'd probably be doing her a favor if I took you on—and got her off the hook." Patrick guffawed.

I glanced at my husband

and noticed there was something stuffed in his pockets. "Okay, genius," I said, "let's see what you're packing." I pointed to his pockets. Out came several pairs of my nylons! "Jeez, unless you're accessorizing, I'm guessing you planned to *tie me up!*" He didn't say anything.

I had another idea. "Okay, maybe there *is* a plan there. You wanted to watch these boys fuck me? Well, start by stripping." To Enzo and Patrick, I said, "Boys, you want to give Walt a hand getting naked? And when he is, tie his hands behind his back with the nylons, and tie his ankles together."

Walt didn't put up much of a fight—maybe because he knew he was outmanned, maybe because he's basically kind of gutless. Or maybe he thought it was a small price to pay if he might get to see me get fucked by Enzo and Patrick. Which he *just possibly* might.

When he was almost naked, I picked up one of his stinky socks and stuffed it in his mouth. "Boys," I said, "when you've got him tied up, take off *your* clothes so we can have some fun."

While they were stripping, I said to Walt, "Notice that the door has a keyhole. Rosie is so proud of those retro doors she found with the old-fashioned locks. You're going to be leaving the room in a second. If it was me, I'd probably hobble somewhere like the bathroom to hide out, see if I could get my hands free. Or, you can watch through the keyhole. Your choice."

Of course if he was stu-

pid enough to crouch in the hall bound and gagged and naked, peeking through the keyhole, it could get awkward, but I decided to take that chance. Especially now that I was staring at Enzo and Patrick naked. I could always visualize Enzo's beefy, muscular body, with all that beautiful thick chest hair. Now, without a Speedo, he was like ten times sexier, sporting that mouth-watering boner. Patrick's was even bigger, and looked amazing on his nearly hairless chiseled blond frame.

When the door was shut and locked, with Walt on the other side of it and the key set safely on the dresser so the keyhole was open, I said to Enzo and Patrick, "Now where were we, boys?"

In a flash Patrick's hand was under my dress. Enzo, clearly the longer-range planner, helped me out of the dress and led me to the bed, where he had me lie on my back with my legs hanging over the side. While Patrick slid my panties down and off, Enzo got my bra off and went to work on my tits with his hands and mouth.

Now Patrick was spreading my legs and moving between them. My eyes were glued to that gorgeous cock sticking straight out. Then the head was penetrating me. "Easy, soldier," I cried. And then I remembered! "Enzo, you have that fancy Italian lube that you and Rosie use?"

He looked shocked for a second, then dug a plastic jar out of the nightstand and tossed it to Patrick.

"I don't suppose you've got any condoms?" I said, knowing Rosie's on the Pill. "No," he said, but Patrick was making some kind of weird noise. "Spit it out," I said as both Enzo and I stared at him. The blond god was blushing—all over! "Um, I've got some. You know, just in case." "You disgusting pig," I

over and kissing me while we fucked. As great as the guy fucked, he *kissed* even better! I kept thinking of my dear friend Jeannie, and wondered if by chance she is the kind of woman who likes to watch other women fuck her husband. I would have been happy to have Patrick fuck me for hours, but he gave a jerk

and a groan and then was pouring cream into the condom. When he was done, he just collapsed on me, with his cock still buried in me. I fondled and stroked every part of the gorgeous torso I could reach while we kissed, and kissed, and— "Hey, c'mon!" Enzo was whining. "We don't have all night. What about *me*?"



said. "You *gorgeous* disgusting pig. Well, *get them!*" Patrick pulled his cockhead out of me, found his pants and pulled out a *slew* of condoms! I said, "Who were you planning to fuck?" He was too busy fighting with a foil wrapper to reply. Soon he had the condom out and rolled onto his cock and he was lubing it and me up. Then he was easing his way in me. And then he was fucking me, and with that lithe athletic body bending

"Patrick pulled his cockhead out of me, found his pants and pulled out a *slew* of condoms. I said, 'Who were you planning to fuck?'"

Some friend, I thought! Then I thought, well, what *about* Enzo? Reluctantly, I disengaged my mouth from Patrick's and said something like, "That was pure heaven, sweetie, but he's right. Your wives'll be looking for you."

Even before Patrick had pulled out of me, Enzo was crouching over my head, touching the head of his hot cock to my lips. I sure didn't need persuading! I gobbled it down, and he started fucking my mouth slowly. He was so worked up that he didn't last long, and I had to really swallow hard to keep up with the lava flow.

Just then I heard some burbling noise from outside the bedroom door. Patrick went and opened it, and there was Walt, with fresh

staring at us. Unfortunately it was Walt who spoke up. "Enzo was just showing us, um, the new paint job."

The new paint job? Did I not *tell* you he's a moron?

"There is no new paint job," Rosie said. I thought I noticed Jeannie smirking, but then Patrick was all over her and they were going at it real hot and heavy. I had a flash that this wasn't the first time he'd been caught in the act, as it were. It occurred to me that this could be part of their sexual routine!

While Walt watched Patrick and Jeannie, amazed, Rosie came up to me and whispered, "Thanks, hon. Now I'm off the hook for the night." I swear she said "off the hook"! I was stunned, but managed to say, "My

for sex with Enzo and something like a free pass with Patrick, but the wives would likely be way less agreeable if I was a divorced woman. Sometimes you just have to play the hand you're dealt!—*Name and address withheld*

Seeing is believing. When you have the encounter you've been looking for, tell us all about it. Write to: *Penthouse Letters*, Dept. SW, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or send e-mail to: letters@ffn.com

"While Walt watched Patrick and Jeannie, amazed, Rosie came up to me and whispered, 'Thanks, hon. Now I'm off the hook for the night'"

come all over his belly. Patrick pulled the sock out of Walt's mouth, and he panted, "Someone—coming—stairs." Patrick and Enzo hauled him in the bedroom and untied him, and we all threw our clothes on as fast as we could, just in time to hear knocking on the door and then Rosie calling out, "Enzo, are you in there?"

He opened the door, and in strode Rosie and Jeannie,

pleasure. Anytime." Rosie said, "Yeah, hon, *anytime*."

I know these stories are supposed to end with the "happy couple" crawling in bed and spending the night fucking each other's brains out. Frankly, the last thing I wanted then was to have Walt touch me, *ever again*. I've thought about divorce, but at least for the time being it's occurred to me that I've got carte blanche from Rosie





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What kind of jerk-off “loses” his wife betting on *pro wrestling*?

Until three months ago, if someone had suggested I might cheat on my husband, I’d have said *no way*. That changed when the jerk-off lost my ass and pussy on a bet—a bet on *pro wrestling* at that! My Shelly swears it’s *all real*, and gets mad when anyone says otherwise.

That night he had two asshole buddies over, and while they were all drunk he declared he would “bet everything” on one of his heroes.

“You mean *everything*?” Lester said. Shelly nodded. Phil said Shelly could keep the house and that shit, what they wanted was *me*.

They were always hot for me, trying to feel me up and all, so it was no real surprise. Shelly thought for a moment, then said, “Okay.” Naturally his hero gets his ass beat, and Shelly’s asshole buddies practically have their dicks out in anticipation. He comes upstairs and tells me *I have to service them!* I’m furious!

“Fine, you fucking jerk,” I said. “You want me to be a whore, so be it. But you have to *watch* while I let your stupid friends fuck me. I hope you’re happy!” I went down to the living room and said, “Okay, guys, a deal’s a deal,” and pulled my skirt up to my waist and got a breast out. They sat staring with their mouths hanging open.

After a minute and them not moving, I got on my knees in front of them and took their cocks out. Neither was exceptionally endowed,

but Lester was on the thick side. I began to kiss their tips, then licked their cocks like lollipops. I wanted to make a big show of it to make my darling husband feel bad. However, I wound up getting excited and having fun despite myself!

I was sucking and slurping loud enough to fill the room. While I sucked Lester, I rubbed Phil's cock all over my tits. It felt good to just let go. I glanced over at Shelly and saw the pathetic lust-filled look on his face. Then he pulled *his* cock out of his pants. Soon I was rubbing between *my* legs, feeling my wetness. Out of the blue I shuddered and came!

Before the high could come down, I got up on shaky legs and climbed over Phil and, with a knee on each side of his legs, lowered myself on his shaft until I was impaled. I rode him with him squeezing my round ass and feasting on my tits, licking and sucking and even biting down on my excited nips. I rode him hard and fast, again filling the room with my moaning.

When I sensed his impending climax I pulled off him, to his consternation. I lay on my back on the coffee table with my head hanging over the edge so I could suck Phil some more, and Lester began to fuck me hard, while they both mauled my tits, which were flopping all over the place. Shelly never fucked me like that! I was having an amazing time. I screamed as my climax hit. Lester pulsed and shot his load inside me.

Phil got me on all fours and slipped his cock in my cunt but almost immediately pulled out and began to penetrate my virgin ass! I put my head down and *let him!* I never let Shelly, but I let Phil. After a lot of pushing from him, a lot of moaning and wincing from me, and long stares from my husband and Lester, Phil finally slid in. I moaned like it was the best I ever had, though in truth it kind of hurt, but I soon got used to it and he gripped and slapped my cheeks as he banged my ass. The sound of our skin slapping was very erotic. Lester reached down and rubbed my pussy to yet another climax a few seconds before Phil groaned and shot his load up my shaking ass. Both guys fell back exhausted.

Shelly came toward me expecting his turn, but I stopped him cold. Even after Phil and Lester left I didn't let him touch me. I didn't allow him any sexual contact for over a month, hoping maybe that will teach him a lesson. —G.N., Biloxi, Mississippi

She has a “real man” to keep her happy now, so it works for him

My wife and I tried a website we saw in *Penthouse Letters*, and she found what she wanted and couldn't resist in the form of a black man who was extremely well-endowed and muscular. We contacted him and after several back-and-forths set up a meeting at a local bar. We got pretty drunk, and



she was flirting with him shamelessly, grinding into him while they danced. She said to me, “He's huge down there. I'm soaked.”

I watched, jealous but turned on. My wife suggested we get a Jacuzzi room, so we left and got some beer and headed to the room. The three of us got in

the room, and my wife told me to go for some ice. By the time I got back, this man had my wife ass naked with a mouthful of the biggest cock I have ever seen in person—nine inches and thick. She was worshipping this cock, moaning and choking, with spit running down her face and tits.



"She made me wash his big dick to get it ready for her. She went back to sucking his cock. I ate her pussy until she was wet enough for him"

She was so involved, she didn't even notice me till he said, "Your husband's back." She said, "Baby, come over here and give Mommy a kiss." I went to her and she pulled his cock out of her mouth but leaves it only inches from her mouth. As I kiss her his cock is so close, I can smell it. She says, "How does his cock taste?" I said, "Your kiss tastes good." She says, "Good

boy," then continued pleasuring him, looking me in the eyes, saying, "I love this big black cock," slapping herself with it, saying, "You can't please me like this. So go fill the tub."

I do, and she told me to strip, and I thought she was going to let me in the tub with them. Wrong. She only wanted to show him how small I was. So they got in, kissed and caressed. Then

my wife said, "Come wash my body. Get me ready for him." So I do. Then she made me wash his big dick to get it ready for her. They got back in the bed and she went back to sucking his cock. She said, "Come get my pussy ready," and I ate her pussy until she was wet enough for him.

She told me to stand at the bottom of the bed so I can see as she got on top of him. Her pussy stretched really wide trying to fit him in her tight pussy. She got it all inside and rode him three minutes before she came like a waterfall all over him. He fucked her harder and sent her into convulsions moaning hysterically. She said, "Bend me over, please, Daddy." He got up, and she got on her hands and knees

and told me to get underneath her in 69 position. He started to fuck her, with me licking her clit, getting a close-up view of this huge cock pounding her. When she came, I licked up every drop. She begged him to come inside her, and maybe 20 minutes later he did. Her joy was obvious from her "Oh, Daddy" moans.

He held her tight until his big black cock went soft, making sure she got every drop. She was reaching back stroking his balls and cock. When he finally pulled out, his cock fell and hit my face. It was heavy and had come all over it. My wife told me to clean her pussy and not to miss a drop of his come. As I licked her pussy clean, she cleaned his cock only. She wouldn't stop. She sucked him till he was ready to explode.

She pulled him from her mouth and said to me, "I got a treat for you for being a good boy to me." She jacked his cock till he exploded on her tits. She pointed and said, "Clean my tits," so I lapped up every drop while she kissed his cock and thanked him for the good fucking.

I was hard and really turned on. My wife saw this and said, "You want some pussy?" I said yes. She said, "Okay, you want to feel what he did to your pussy?" He smiled as I put my dick in. She laughed as I began to stroke her, saying, "You're too small after a real man." She told me to stop and said I better jerk my little cock if I want to come. When



I began to jack myself off, she said, "Go in the bathroom. I don't want to watch you jack that little dick."

From the bathroom I began to hear my wife moan again. I cracked the door and saw her riding him in reverse cowgirl. She never noticed me watching. I came hard as she was saying, "Give me, oh give me," almost simultaneously. As I came out of the bathroom and walked up to the bed, he was ready to come. She said, "Help Mommy," as he came on her face. We kissed and cleaned his big veiny black cock together, and my wife enjoyed herself watching me licking him with her.

After it was all said and done, I rubbed my wife's body while she explained how good she actually felt from him. She fell asleep in mid-sentence.

She was really exhausted from our encounter. We invited the guy over every weekend. My wife loves him and enjoys every second spent bouncing on his cock. I'm her clean-up boy. I go months with no pussy, but she's happy.—*F.I., Kansas City, Missouri*

At that point in their marriage, he figured he had nothing to lose

I met my wife while I was on assignment for my property firm. She was the clerk that assisted me in finding the land tracts I was looking for. The way she wore her strawberry blonde hair in a bun and her nerdy glasses

made her appear older and bookwormish. She was very shy, but when I got a closer look I saw she was a hidden treasure, with a bombshell body and the silkiest skin you can imagine. In the end I won her heart. The fact that she wouldn't allow me the liberty of bedding her only made me want her more.

On our wedding night Diane wouldn't let me go down on her and refused to suck my dick. We had intercourse, but she was the coldest woman I was ever with. I didn't fret, though. I figured she would be more receptive to the enjoyment of sex as time went by.

I tried buying self-help books, but they didn't help. I bought her a vibrator, and she threw it away, saying, "Only prostitutes use things like that." We were having bad sex maybe once a week, and I was about to throw in the towel.

I sat her down and said a lot would have to change if we were going to remain together. I took her in my arms, took that godforsaken pin out of her hair and let it flow down her back. I took off her glasses and set them on the nightstand. She was breathtaking. I looked her in the eyes and said, "Do you want to be my wife or not?"

With doe-like eyes, Diane just nodded.

I said, "Do you realize we've been married a year and I haven't even seen you completely naked?"

"Is that what you want?" she said. "You want me to be a slut?" She just looked helpless.



**“‘You have a totally hot body,’ I said.
‘It’s time you let the world envy you.’
Diane said, ‘If that’s what you want.
Just remember, it was your idea’”**

“Stop living in a shell,” I shouted. “Or you’ll wind up alone and miserable.”

I lost it. “If I want to eat your pussy, then you should spread your fucking legs and let me! If I want my dick sucked, then crawl between my legs and suck my fucking dick! And if I want you to fuck someone else and suck their cock, then do it! And let yourself enjoy it. I want you to wear G-strings and go without a bra some-

times. You have a totally hot body. It’s time you let the world see it and envy you!”

For a long time neither of us said anything. Finally Diane said, “Okay, if that’s what you want. Just remember, it was your idea.”

She stripped naked right there in our kitchen, jumped on the counter and sat back with an ankle in each hand and her thin-lipped pussy on display. I buried my face in her crotch, licking and

sucking lovingly along her opening and tongue-fucking as deep as my tongue could reach. Her ass rose up and down on the counter and her hips rotated. She shook and jerked and had *her very first orgasm!* I stood up and pressed my dick against her dripping gash. Instead of fucking her, I rubbed up and down her slit. “Come on, put it in!” she hissed.

“You want me inside you?”

“Yes,” she whimpered.

“Then reach down and *put it in!*” I replied. And for the first time she touched my cock, pushing it past her tight opening. “If you want me to fuck you, *say it!*”

“Please, Bruce, fuck me!”

I threw her legs over my shoulders and slammed my thick five-and-a-half-inch cock in her and fucked the shit out of her. For the first

time she was totally responding. Finally I exploded in her. I raised her up with my cock still in her and kissed her.

She responded feverishly. She slid off the counter onto her knees and licked and sucked my dick until it was hard as granite. Midway through I could tell she began enjoying it. I helped her up, then had her wrap those sexy legs around my waist. I reached between us and slid my cock back in her slippery slot, then pressed her against the wall and fucked her. “Tell me what you want, Diane!” I growled. “Tell me what you need!”

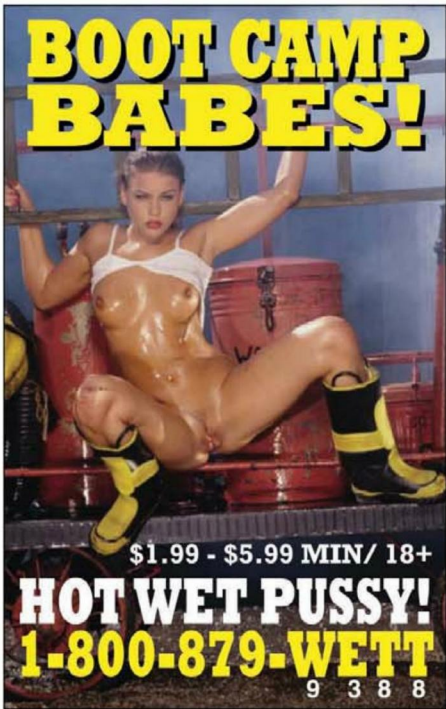
“Fuck me! I need you to fuck me harder!”

I fucked her like I was nailing her to the wall. When I was about to blow, I said so as I pulled out, intending her to suck me off. To my shock she *did*, mewling and whimpering as she swallowed every drop of come.

We retired to bed, and for the first time in a long time I felt like a man. I loved being married to such a sexual creature that wanted to learn everything there was to learn. She began dressing in revealing clothing, got contacts, let her hair hang down and went braless almost all the time.

One night at a club a tall, lanky black man about our age asked Diane if she’d like to dance. I was proud that he found her so hot. I followed, to the dark corner of the dance floor, where they were nestled. I was shocked to see them in each other’s arms making out! My dick got so hard, it

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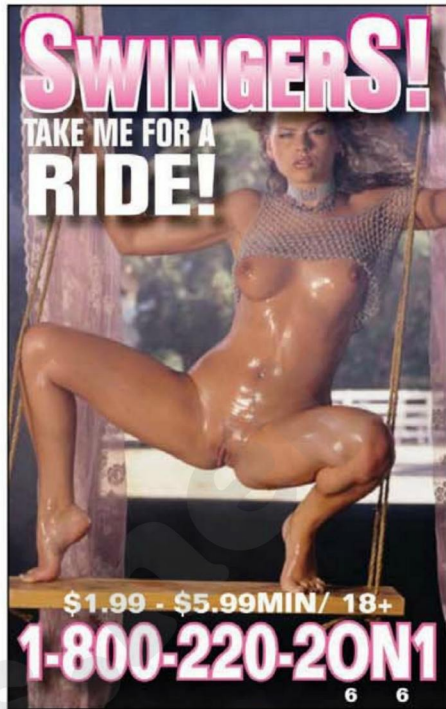
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LETTERS

ached. I sat at a table nearby and watched him massage her ass. Her hand slid down to his crotch, and I saw her massage his dick.

I wondered how far she would take things. He whispered something in her ear. She looked down between them, then looked up and nodded. He walked her to a booth where two young black men were sitting—one stout, the other short and heavily muscled. She sat down between the stout guy and the tall guy she'd been dancing with.

I went to get another drink, and when I got back saw just the three men sitting in the booth! The tall guy was sitting back with his head pointed at the ceiling, rolling it side to side. Then I noticed the stout guy looking intently at the tall guy's lap! Whereupon the tall guy reached under the table and raised a fistful of strawberry blonde hair! His face contorted and he jerked in his seat, and I knew *he was coming in my wife's mouth*.

The stout guy high-fived the tall guy, then sat back in his seat looking between his legs until a look of ecstasy appeared on *his* face. When Diane was done with him—you guessed it!—she went on to number three, the short, muscular guy. After a few moments he pulled her up onto his lap and lowered her onto his cock. Her facial expression changed, and her eyes rolled back in their sockets. He groped her swaying tits while he fucked her. She held onto the table and raised herself

up and down on what must have been a big dick, until she forced against his lap and convulsed wildly. She lay back against him for a moment, then lifted herself enough to adjust her panties and dress straps. She sat there awhile longer talking and laughing, then wrote something on a napkin and handed it to the short, muscular guy before leaving.

I returned hurriedly to our original table. When Diane sat back down next to me, I acted like I didn't even notice she'd been gone. When we got home, I didn't give her a chance to clean up. I took her in my arms and kissed her passionately. I tasted the remnants of semen, and that image of the three men enjoying her spurred me on. I lifted her dress over her

head and kissed and licked her left ear and the left side of her neck, like her lover did with such animalistic vigor only an hour before. I ripped her panties off, then raised them to my nose and breathed in the erotic scent. I playfully pushed her on the bed and lowered my head to her crotch.

"Wait!" she exclaimed, trying to stop me from going down on her, but wild horses couldn't have held me back. Her well-fucked cunt was still swollen and oozing the black man's semen. The way her entrance was dilated, he must have stretched her wide open!

"Suck my pussy, lover!" she said. "Lick me clean!" After making her come, I mounted her. It was like fucking a lard bucket! Remembering what she looked like riding that big black dick was more than enough to make me come.

The next day I told Diane I had watched her with the three black men. She said she acted on impulse, and since I had told her to do whatever and whoever she wanted, she went for it—*so deal with it!* I let her know I actually *enjoyed* watching and would like it if we would sometimes incorporate it into our marriage. She said, "You sick fuck," and confessed that Bobby (so that was the short, muscular guy) had got her off so well, she couldn't help but give him our phone number.

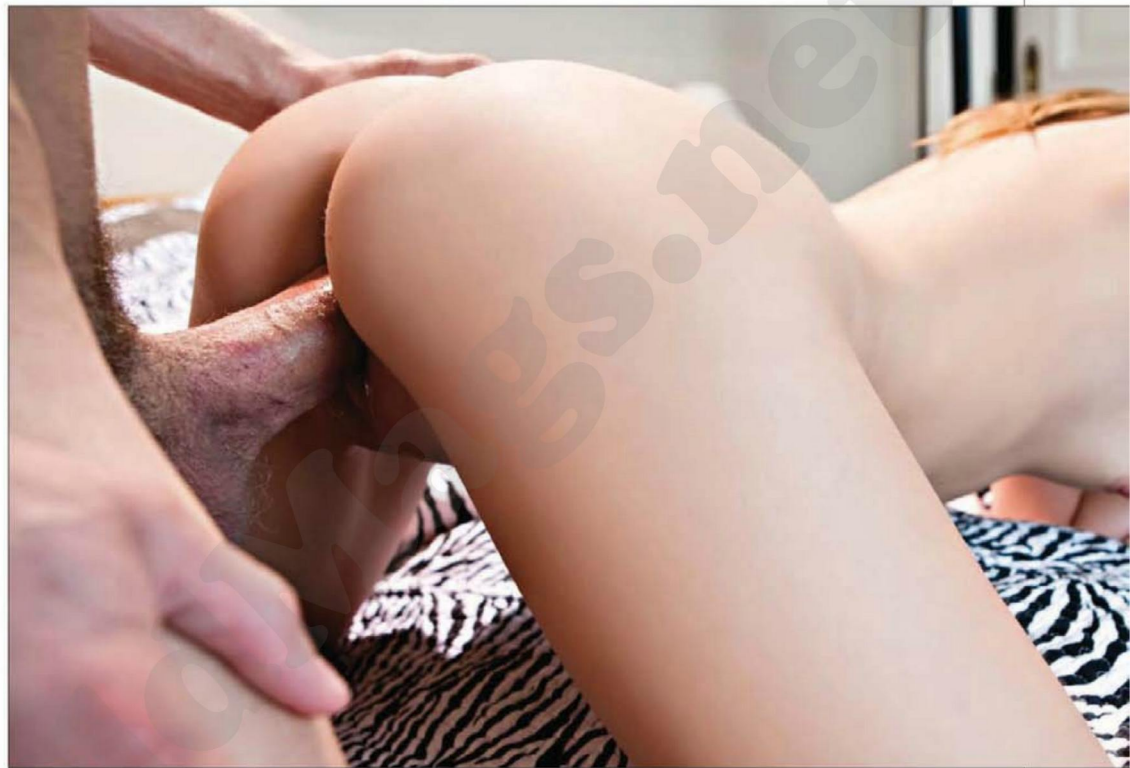
She said the tall man had a thin but long dick and the stout guy's was about the same size as mine. When



she didn't mention Bobby, the guy that had the honor of fucking her, I asked her how well-endowed he was. She smiled and hugged herself as if she had gotten a cold chill. She said it was at least ten inches long and as thick as a soda can. "So you see why I have to get some more of that."

I hardly recognized my inhibited wife in this woman who was now explaining to me that she had every intention to see this man again. And I had to admit, the thought of watching him fuck my wife without a table blocking the view really turned me on.

That very afternoon Bobby called. I watched as Diane spoke to him, giddy as a teenage girl with a crush. After the call she asked me to give her a few hours alone with him. I did that, but not



"That night I watched the videotape. It shocked and excited me. I had recorded Diane's first gang bang! I jerked off three times watching"

before secretly setting up my camcorder, then telling her I wanted them to fuck in our bed, saying the scent of them fucking would still be heavy in the room. I left the house and three hours later got a call letting me know Bobby had just left.

Later that night I went quietly to the TV room and

played the videotape. It both shocked and excited me. Diane may have wanted to be alone with Bobby, but he had something else in mind. I had recorded her first gang bang! I jacked off three times watching four black men fuck her in every conceivable way.

They lined up, and she

crawled on her knees and sucked each until they were all erect. Then Bobby took charge. He ordered her on all fours at the foot of the bed, then said to his friends, "Now listen, motherfuckers, I want you all to fuck this bitch good, 'cause she loves black dick, don't you?"

"Fuck, yeah!" she cooed, wiggling her bare ass seductively at the four studs standing behind her.

Bobby picked up a carnival glass chalice. "Listen," he said, "when you motherfuckers are about to come, pull out and nut off in this, so her pussy won't get all sloppy. Agreed?" They nodded and mumbled their agreement. "Don't worry, it

won't go to waste. She'll drink it later. She loves come, don't you, baby?"

"I love fucking come," Diane said. "Now will someone please fuck me?" She spoke with real urgency.

I couldn't believe my wife could stand up to the way those big-dicked studs fucked her. At one point she had dicks in her ass, mouth, cunt and hand at the same time, and she handled them as well as any slut I've ever seen in a porn movie. I was consumed with pride as I watched her give as good as she got until all four men had their fill of her.

While the men dressed, Diane sat up and Bobby handed her the glass chal-

ice. This is no exaggeration, it was almost full of the semen of the four men. She drank every drop and licked her lips, then with her finger dug out every morsel. She complimented the men on the delicious flavor of their come. It was the perfect ending to her awakening.
 —B.G., Louisville, Kentucky

Their secret desires aren't secret anymore, to the relief of both

As far back as I remember, my attributes were always noticed by men. I know the effect I have on them, and I have used it and still use it.

My husband and I are both 26. I teach high school and he teaches at a local college. We attended the



“Ray never voiced interest in oral or anal sex or ‘wife-watching’ or the other activities I read about, which brought back erotic memories”

same college, graduating the same year. While I was a cheerleader, stirring my wild oats, Ray's life was all computers. We didn't even meet until late in our final semester. I fell in love with his brilliant mind, and while he's not ruggedly handsome like the guys I was usually attracted to, I found him pretty. He was tall and lean as opposed to the beefy, well-muscled type I found

so delectable. Mostly I messed with jocks or guys who definitely had no future. But Ray, who adored me from our first meeting, was career-oriented.

I have never lied to Ray when he asked me about anything. Although he knew I was no virgin, I had never opened up and let my passion be unleashed. I had never sucked his cock (I can climax hard that way).

We also never engaged in anal sex, something else I used to love. During my “wild” days I had taken first to sucking cock, then to anal sex as well because it was a way to protect myself from getting pregnant. In the process I fell in love with the feel of swallowing a cock and having my ass fucked and of a penis spraying hot come in my bowels.

Last month I was startled to find an issue of *Penthouse Letters* in Ray's desk. He'd had never voiced any interest in oral or anal sex or “wife-watching” or all the other activities I began to read about, which brought back memory after erotic memory and made me wetter by the second. I took the issue to the bedroom and masturbated to a wonderful

orgasm, then put the magazine back in the drawer.

That evening Ray said the president of his college fraternity called to say they were having a reunion and could he attend? I found myself wanting to get away and told him it would do us both good. I figured while he was with his frat buddies I could visit with a few of my girlfriends who stayed in the area after graduation.

When the weekend came, I was excited to see my old friends. I arranged with my girlfriend Laurie to have dinner with us. She's one of my dearest friends. We always shared our sexual conquests, and even shared a few intimate bisexual experiences. She was married and had three beautiful children a little over a year apart.



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LETTERS

Surprisingly, she married an older businessman who she had shared with me early in their relationship. Although he's a wonderful person, he has a small, boyish penis, and even though she said she isn't a size queen, she wasn't sure she could be satisfied being sexually exclusive with such an under-endowed man. But I figured they must've been doing something right what with the three children.

Ray went to his reunion, and Laurie and I went out. It was just like old times. We flirted with every good-looking stud in the club. I wore a thin red miniskirt, no bra, a red G-string and a red pair of six-inch heels. I wasn't leaving much to the imagination, and the more I drank, the more uninhibited I became. Soon I was allowing liberties to a few of the handsome studs, stuff that I would not allow *even my own husband* under normal sober conditions!

Laurie shared with me that she and her husband had a wonderful relationship once they shared with each other their sexual likes and dislikes. The truth that she shared was that she enjoys having her vagina sucked and licked but she likes to be fucked hard from time to time with a big, thick cock, and although she loved him dearly, she wasn't sure she would be able to spend the rest of her life without experiencing that wondrous feeling of being stretched to the extreme and fucked deeply.

Laurie said that being out in the open with him was

the best thing that ever could have happened to them, because had she not been, she never would have found out about his hidden desire for voyeurism and most importantly his secret fantasy of watching a well-endowed man fuck her senseless over and over and then after the stud is drained and leaves to have her allow him to go down on her.

I was shocked by this revelation, but it did explain why her children seemed to have somewhat different physical characteristics. She admitted that all three of her children belonged unknowingly to a local contractor who is an unbelievably handsome man about our age with a thick nine-inch penis. I began reminiscing of what it once felt like to be fucked silly with a thick, lengthy cock unlike my husband's average five-and-a-half-inch one.

At just that moment I was approached by a tall, heavily muscled black man. He held out his big hand and asked me to do him the pleasure of dancing with him. I was taken aback, not because I didn't find him attractive and not because I was married but because I had never been intimate with a black man due to the narrow-mindedness of my family upbringing.

I reached up in a trance-like state and Percy led me to the dance floor. I just let my body move with him and become one with him and the music, and when his hands roamed up and down my body, and the big-

gest cock I had ever felt rubbed up and down my tummy, I reveled in it! He bent down and tongued my ear and whispered how hot and sexy he thought I was. When he took my hand in his and moved it to the enormous pulsating chunk

"I have never seen a black one before," I said nervously. Percy rose up, straddled my bare breasts and presented the biggest cock I had ever laid eyes on, and believe me, I've seen plenty. He enjoyed the look of awe on my face and



of heated flesh protruding from his groin, I grasped it and caressed it through the material of his slacks.

"Come with me," Percy said, and led me out to the parking lot. We walked to his van. He opened the back door, and I climbed in. He followed. Without fully closing the door, we began undressing each other.

smiled at me. "Why don't you get acquainted with it then?" he said teasingly. "Go on, give it a little lovin'!"

It had been so long since I had a cock in my mouth, I actually found myself salivating! I breathed in the strong, musky scent of his genitals, a scent I so longed to smell. I took his impressive manhood in both hands

and bathed its tasty tip with my tongue. The salty flavor drove me insane with lust.

"Damn, woman," Percy wailed as he watched me devour his cock and balls, "you're really hungry for dick, aren't you?"

My spit dripped from his

"I'm going to come, sexy," Percy grunted. "Swallow it, you sexy cocksucker!"

Suddenly a jet of warm semen sprayed down my throat. A wonderful orgasm jolted through the core of my body. I pulled his jerking cock out of my throat so I



"I lay back and he mounted me, saying, 'You want this inside you, don't you?' 'God yes!' I hissed. 'Give me that delicious black cock!'"

groin, and his seminal fluid had a delicious almondlike flavor I had tasted in the past in the come of a few other men. It always was my favorite flavor. He weaved his big fingers in my hair, and I swallowed to allow the head of his yummy cock to slide past my tonsils into my throat, knowing I was giving him maximum pleasure.

could enjoy the flavor of his come and swallow it by the mouthful. He came so much, I began to think I was going to drown in it. But I was so hungry for his creamy seed that I never lost a drop. I sucked and dredged out every droplet.

His cock remained rigid after ejaculation, so I lay back and he mounted me,

saying, "You want this inside you, don't you?"

"God yes, fuck me!" I hissed up at him. "Give me that delicious black cock!"

"Beg for it, bitch!"

I was so achingly hot and in need to be fucked, my self-respect and pride was the last thing on my mind. "Please give it to me!" I begged. "Fuck me with that

big black dick!" I reached between us and angled it to my entrance, and when he pressed into me, the intense feel of big length and girth knocked the air completely out of my lungs. When his big, beefy balls thudded against my ass ring I began to come, and I didn't think I was ever going to stop. He fucked me more thoroughly

than I ever remembered being fucked. When he groaned out that he was about to come, I reluctantly unwrapped my legs from his muscular ass and let him climb up and deposit his load in my mouth and on my face.

I let him fuck me twice more, once in the spoon position and once doggie-style. Each time he blasted

into watching me fuck other men. I said he had never shown any interest, and it was possible he hadn't even recognized me. He smiled and said I was too beautiful for a man to not recognize me. He wrote his phone number on a piece of paper and said if that's what my husband and I were into, to give him a call, and also if we were interested he had

I told him Percy was the first black man I had ever fucked, and the only other man I had had sex with since after we were married. I also told him what Percy had told me, and handed him Percy's phone number. I said if he really wanted to watch me get gang-banged to call Percy and set it up. He was bursting with excitement and especially over

sucking and fucking all those virile black dicks! It was a weekend to remember.

Now Ray wants me to go out and bring home men and fuck them in our bed while he hides in the bedroom closet and watches. After I send the guy home he says he'll come out and suck my pussy. I am thankful for the experience your readers share, and thankful

"He said if that's what my husband and I were into, to give him a call, and also he had friends that would love to tap my sexy pussy"

his delicious come in my mouth, and each time I enjoyed and savored it. It had been so long since I felt my insides quivering and quaking in the afterglow of such an intense fuck.

As we climbed out of the back of the van, I looked across the parking lot and froze. There stood my husband and three of his frat buddies, gazing straight at me! I began straightening my hair and smoothing my dress. "Baby, you are one fine piece of ass!" Percy said. I thanked him nervously but said that I was married and that *my husband was looking at us as I spoke*.

Ray and his friends turned and walked in the club. I thought one of them had recognized me. Percy asked if my husband was

a few friends that would love to tap my sexy pussy.

That evening at the hotel Ray shared that he *had* seen me climbing out of the back of the black man's van. In fact he and his friends watched him fuck me for a few minutes and then climb up on me and come in my mouth. He had no idea it was me until they watched me climb out of the van. He said his friends did not recognize me, however.

To my shock, now that it was all out in the open, just like Laurie's husband, Ray shared that truthfully from time to time he fantasized watching me fuck some big-cocked stud and had thought about what it would be like to watch me service a room full of horny, well-endowed studs.



the fact that the men gang-banging me would be black.

Ray set it up, and the next evening I was fucked by six black studs in every way imaginable. It was unbelievable! I came more times than I could count. The most exciting part was looking directly in my husband's eyes while I was

that my and Ray's secrets are all out in the open.—J.G., Los Angeles, California

If you've shared your wife or had one shared with you, share your story with us! Write to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department TH, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or send e-mail to: letters@fn.com

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HER GOLDEN TICKET





“C’mon, sweetie, take those clothes off and let’s get down to business! I need every inch of my body to be ravaged by your skilled hands, mouth and tongue.”





“Are you going to make me beg for it? I will. I’ll beg, plead, pout, cry—anything to feel that massive tool slam into my wet, tight, juicy cunt!”





**“That’s it, lover, bring that hard
dick my way and let me taste your
spunk. My hot lips are in need of
your meat injection. Can’t you
smell the excitement in the air?”**





SPOTLIGHT ON

THREE-FOR-ALL

One well-endowed black man would have been enough to fulfill her secret craving. The second one was a bonus

I am a 35-year-old housewife with two school-age children. I am rather petite and have brown eyes and brown hair, which I keep cut short to frame my face. I work out four times a week and keep myself in good shape. I love my husband and we have a great relationship. But while we have a satisfying sex life, I have some secret desires which he could never fulfill. Consequently I find myself indulging in sexual fantasies now and then, and I keep a few toys hidden in my closet that Bill, my husband, doesn't know about. My favorite is an eight-inch black rubber dildo that vibrates and looks very much like the real thing—thick, gnarly and somewhat threatening, in a good way.

My fantasies usually center around black men, who have an allure for me that really gets my juices flowing. I trace this back to my college days. I wasn't promiscuous by any means, but I did my share of dating, and for a brief time I was going out with a black guy. He was beautiful and very dark. We never had intercourse, but once, after a night of partying, he talked me into sucking his cock. He sat in a chair while I knelt down in front of him. I remember the thrill I got, seeing his penis. It was long, hard, thick, black and incredibly hot. Almost afraid of its size, I started licking just the head. He coaxed me with his hand on the back of my head, inserting his warm tool into my mouth. I loved the taste and feel of it, and soon I really got into the task, taking as much of his dick into

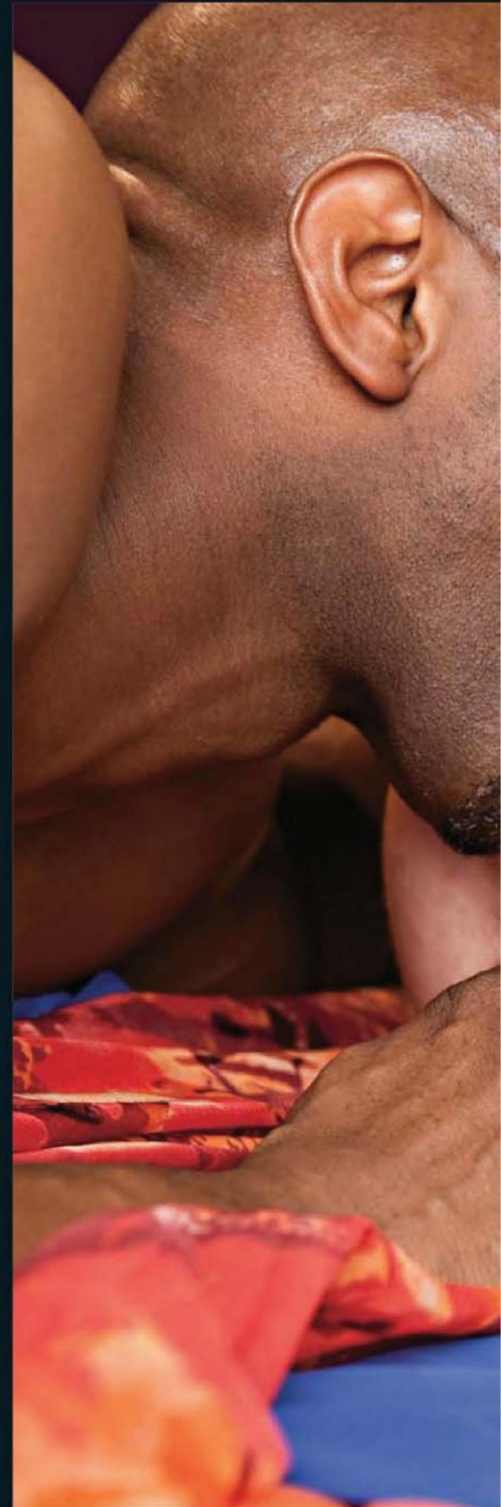
my mouth as possible, before backing off and swirling my tongue around the big head. I felt like a total slut, and was loving it.

He told me to put my hands behind my back, then rubbed the length of that tool all over my face as he stroked himself into a sexual frenzy. When he came, I wasn't ready for the explosion of hot, milky sperm that coated my face and neck. I creamed into my panties as he shot the last of his load into my grateful mouth. It was the most sexually exciting experience of my life up till then.

I met and fell in love with my husband shortly after that, and since then I have never told anyone about my craving for dark meat. But I fantasize about black men all the time, and whenever I see or come in contact with one who is at all attractive, my nipples get hard, my pussy moistens and I have to find a moment to be alone and satisfy myself with my big black dildo.

For some time Bill and I had been thinking about adding a new deck to our house, and finally I asked my brother-in-law Sam if he knew anyone who could do the work. Sam said his friend Dylan owned a construction company, and would give us a good price. I called Dylan and we set up a meeting at our house for the following Monday.

Imagine my surprise when I answered the door on Monday morning to encounter the most gorgeous black man I had ever seen. He stood







"I took a breath and asked boldly, 'Just how big is that thing anyway?' 'I don't know,' he said. 'I never measured it. Would you like to help me do that?'"

about six feet three and had the look of a body builder, with wide shoulders, a narrow waist and bulging arms that filled out the sleeves of his T-shirt. His head was shaved smooth, and he sported a short beard that made him look just the least bit menacing, which thrilled me to the bone.

He introduced himself as Dylan, and I asked him in and led him through the house to show him where we wanted the deck installed. As I did so I couldn't help wondering what my ass looked like in my baggy overalls, and wishing I had worn something a little more flattering.

Dylan came across as both charming and professional as we talked about the work to be done. He took some measurements and made some notes, and when he had all the information he needed he said he would call that evening with an estimate. After he left I ran upstairs and retrieved my chocolate dildo from the closet. After stripping myself naked, I lay on the bed and rubbed that beauty up and down the swollen lips of my pussy before easing the length of it into my aching cavity. No artificial lubrication was necessary, as I was wet as could be. I slid it all the way in and rode it to a crashing orgasm.

Dylan started work the following Monday, and I found myself dressing as attractively as possible for him, without being too obvious. I had no thoughts of anything actually happening between us, but I wanted to look good nonetheless. It must have worked, because I became aware of his gaze from time to time as he made his preparations. I also noticed the large bulge that threatened the stitching of his tight jeans.

As the days passed, Dylan and I built up a nice rapport. We would usually make small talk while he set out his tools and so on, and then I would leave him alone to get on with his work.

One morning, as Dylan was

unpacking his equipment, a small hammer fell off the table where he had rather carelessly placed it. He was occupied with something else at that moment, and as I was standing close by, I knelt down to pick it up for him. As I squatted there beneath him he turned toward me, and I found myself face to face with the large bulge of his crotch, my eyes mere inches from his denim-covered cock. I could almost feel the heat radiating from it. Startled, I lost my balance for a moment, and without thinking I grabbed for his ass with both hands to keep myself from falling backward. This sudden movement brought my cheek in contact with the hard cylindrical shape which was now snaking its way down his thigh. Although I had now regained my balance, instead of pulling away I found myself instinctively rubbing my face against his groin.

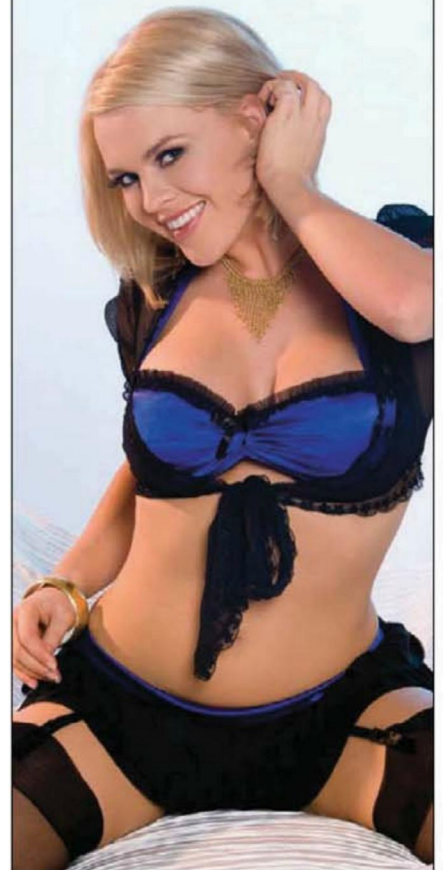
His voice brought me back to myself as he asked if I was okay. I let go of his ass and eased myself to the floor, feeling myself flushing with embarrassment. Dylan just laughed and reached down to help me to my feet. I started to stammer out some kind of apology, but he just laughed again and told me not to worry about it. I had the feeling he was used to getting that kind of reaction from women, and for some reason the thought aroused me even more. I took a deep breath and asked boldly, "Just how big is that thing anyway?"

He looked at me for a long moment, and I stared right back at him. "I don't know," he said finally. "I've never measured it. Would you like to help me do that?"

He didn't wait for an answer to his question. Instead he pulled out a chair and told me to sit down. He walked over to his toolbox, picked up a tape measure and handed it to me. Then he stood in front of me with his hands on his hips, his legs slightly spread and his crotch again just inches from my face.

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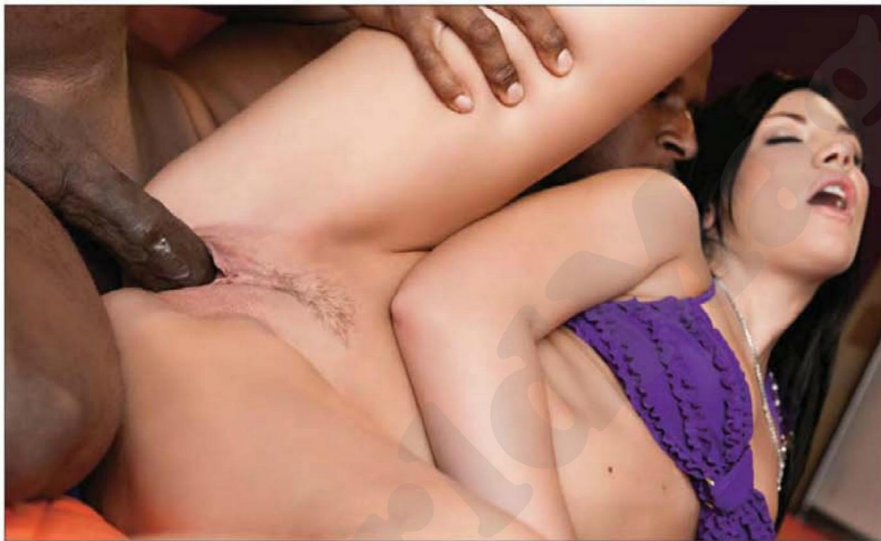
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My hands shook as I reached for his zipper and slowly pulled it down. As I looked up at him he met my gaze with a self-satisfied smile, no doubt enjoying the sight of this white, middle-aged housewife and mother who was about to become his latest conquest.

As I peeled his jeans over his hips, I was shocked to see that he wore

nothing in my hand, watching the head bulge and feeling the spongy flesh stiffen as I squeezed it slightly. The cock throbbed under my fingers, and I watched in amazement as it grew to freakish proportions. My husband had a nice seven-inch cock, but this marvel was beyond belief! Soon it was standing straight out from his chiseled



no underwear. Half of his tool was still hidden in his pants, but what I saw was so thick it made me gasp. I hesitated a moment before pulling the jeans the rest of the way down, and as the head popped out of its confines I was presented with the largest cock I had ever seen. Even semi-soft, it was bigger than the rubber dildo I so loved to stuff up my pussy. It was heavy in my hand and hot to the touch. As I let go of it, it hung halfway to his knees, impossibly thick and black. My mouth was dry, but my pussy was seeping moisture as I stared at it.

Again Dylan's warm husky voice woke me from my trance. "It wouldn't be fair to measure it while it's soft," he murmured. "It gets a lot bigger than that, but I might need your help."

I slowly reached out and took that

abdomen, bobbing up and down in front of my face.

"Go ahead and measure it," he said with a grin, obviously enjoying my mixture of embarrassment, fascination and lust. I lay one end of the tape measure against his pubic bone, then pulled the tape as tightly as I could to the end of his bulging cockhead. Precome dripped onto my fingers as I read off the measurement with wide eyes. "Eleven and a half!" I said. "My God!"

He grinned again. "I'll bet if you kissed it we could make it an even foot," he said.

I knew I shouldn't, but I was too far into this to stop now. Taking his rod in my hand again, I leaned forward, bringing it to my mouth. I slowly swabbed my tongue around the giant



SPOTLIGHT ON



“After a minute I pulled my mouth away and, pushing his dick against his hard belly, began licking the underside of it from balls to head”

head, tasting the salty pearl that gathered there and feeling a shiver go through me to the depths of my being. His flesh was hot in my mouth as I continued to lick that huge knob, and when he began hunching his hips toward my face I opened my mouth as wide as I could, taking him in to the back of my throat. My eyes began to water as he slowly churned that big black dick back and forth. After a minute, to keep from choking, I pulled my mouth away and, pushing his dick up against his hard belly, began licking the underside of it from balls to head. A stream of precome leaked out from the tip, and I caught it with my tongue as it flowed down, rolling it around in my mouth before swallowing it. God, I was so hot!

Dylan, seeing how far gone I was, now grabbed his cock and rubbed it all over my face, asking me if I wanted more. I was babbling and trying to catch the thing with my tongue as he swabbed my face, leaving a slippery trail of precome as he did so. Finally

he put his other hand on the back of my head and again fed his throbbing dick into my mouth, slowly working his hips as my tongue roamed the circumference of his thick black sausage. I wrapped one hand around the base of it to control his thrusts, which still left a goodly portion for me to suck on. My lips were stretched wide around him as he continued to pump in and out of my mouth. “That’s it, baby,” he husked. “Yeah, that feels so good. Keep going baby.” And then he suddenly took my head in his hands and held me still as his cock expanded, shooting his sperm into my mouth.

I couldn’t turn away, so I tried to swallow it all, gulping it down as he churned his hips; but it was too much for me. My cheeks bulged with his jism, and then it escaped my mouth, coating my lips and dribbling down my chin. Just when it seemed it would never end the final drop spilled onto my tongue, and he slowly eased his sticky log from my mouth. My eyes were tearing and my jaw ached, but I grabbed his tool and licked up the remainder of the white spunk that clung to the dark flesh of his mighty cock. It was a wanton display, but I had never felt so wicked in my life. It felt like a dream.

A minute later I stood up on unsteady legs as Dylan pulled up his pants and stuck his now shiny dick back into them. I could hardly look at him, let alone speak, as I swiftly left and went upstairs to clean up.

When I looked at myself in the bathroom mirror I seemed to be a different woman. I looked as wanton as I felt, and I was more aroused than I’d ever been in my life. I slipped my shorts off and, sliding my hand into my sticky panties, swiveled my fingers into my flooded cavity, feeling my pent up orgasms wash over me as I squatted in front of the sink. I didn’t want to think about what my husband would say about all this—but that night he got the fucking of his life.

The next few days went by as if nothing had happened. Dylan and I seemed to have a silent agreement between us, as if we were waiting for the right time to resume our erotic encounter, or to take it further. I decided to let him make the next move, although my sex drive was in high gear and my pussy in a constant state of arousal. Then one day Dylan said that the work was getting to the point where it was too much for one man, and he would have to bring in some help for a few days to complete it. He gave me a sly smile as he said this, and my stomach turned over.

I wasn't really sure that he meant what I suspected, but the next morning I took my shower early, making myself as clean and as pretty as possible, and I also trimmed my pubic hair. I looked at my naked body in the mirror, and felt a shiver wash over me as I imagined the events of the next few hours.

Dylan showed up at nine o'clock as usual. Before going downstairs I slipped on a short white terrycloth robe, the bottom of which barely covered my ass. When I opened the door I saw that Dylan had indeed brought another man with him, a man perhaps a bit younger than he was, but just as large, just as muscular and just as black. As I let them in I mumbled something about them catching me in the middle of getting dressed.

Dylan smiled at me as he introduced his helper, Jeff, both men looking me casually but rather obviously up and down. Jeff was very good-looking, with short dreadlocks hanging off his head. Like Dylan, he wore a tight T-shirt and jeans that showed off his athletic body. I tried to be casual as I stood, nearly naked and almost trembling, between these two towers of black virility. My nipples were stiff and no doubt visible against my tight-fitting robe. I felt light-headed and very aroused as we walked out to the deck area, where Dylan started to outline

to Jeff the work to be done. I finally excused myself and walked away. I could feel their eyes burning into my retreating body, and I waited anxiously for them to stop me, to call me back. But they didn't.

As I walked to my bedroom I could feel my pussy lips rubbing against each other, and I ran my fingers over the stiff buds of my nipples, feeling as though I was going to explode. Then, as I sat at my makeup table, I had an idea. I got my box of toys down from the closet and pulled out my black dildo. I opened my lingerie drawer, lodged the dildo on top of the overflowing pile of silk and lace and closed the drawer. I pulled at it slightly, and the wedged-in dildo made it stick just enough. I then called down to Dylan and Jeff, asking if they could come and help me with something.

I heard them coming up the stairs, each heavy footfall making my clit throb. As they came into the room I was standing next to my dresser. "My drawer is stuck," I told them. "Do you think you could open it for me?"

I don't think I was fooling anybody, really, but at that point I didn't care. Dylan smiled knowingly at me as he walked over to the dresser and gave the drawer a couple of tugs. When it opened, he grinned and picked up the phallic-shaped vibrator. "Here's your problem," he said, holding it up for Jeff and me to see. Jeff had a broad smile on his face now. Dylan shook the dildo at me and said, "You need to find another place to put this, young lady. Any ideas?"

I feigned embarrassment, but my body was tingling and my pussy was dripping. Dylan now gently put his arm around my shoulder and led me over to the king-size bed that I shared with my husband. He handed me the dildo and, without comment, nodded toward the bed. I sat on the edge of it then slid myself back, lying down on my back with my head on the pillow, so I could see the two black men who



were watching me. Jeff moved to the foot of the bed, now rubbing his stiffening cock through his jeans.

It was a surreal moment. Through the open window I could hear small children playing, lawns being mowed and my next-door neighbors having a conversation in their back yard; just a normal day. Except that I was in my bedroom, ready to display myself shamelessly in front of two muscular black men who, I had no doubt, had further plans for me.

As they watched I slowly loosened the belt of my robe, running my hand from my cleavage to my inner thighs, now gooey with arousal. Then I pulled the robe open and revealed my 35-year-old body to their probing eyes.



“Don’t worry, baby, you’re safe with us, but you’re going to get more black dick than you’ve ever dreamed of. This is what you wanted, right?”

I felt a shiver when Jeff whistled quietly and rubbed harder at his growing cock. Goose bumps rose on my flesh, and my nipples felt harder than ever, aching in a most delicious way. I raised my knees and spread my thighs, exposing my swollen pussy, the juices of my arousal leaking from my slit and coating my asshole. I took a breath and closed my eyes as I grasped my chocolate dildo and rubbed the head along my slippery cleft, my newly trimmed pubic hair giving the watchers a clear view of my glistening labia. The dildo made wet, smacking sounds as I worked it the length of my pussy, from my clit to my anus, while with my left hand I strummed my aching nipples. My body felt electric. I opened my eyes and began pushing the rubber cock in and out of my cunt, going a little deeper each time. Once I had all eight inches inserted, I left it there and used both hands to pinch and pull my nipples.

The men had seen enough. Jeff now took off his shirt, exposing a magnificent torso with bulging muscles and washboard abs. He then got on the bed, still in his jeans, which seemed almost inadequate to contain his growing erection. He knelt between my legs and ran his fingertips along my inner thighs, smearing my cream over my flesh as though he was finger painting. As Dylan also approached the bed, Jeff continued to stroke my thighs as if waiting for his boss to take the lead. He didn’t have to wait long. Dylan reached down to slide the terrycloth belt from around my waist, then told me to raise my hands above my head. He then tied my wrists together and lashed them to the headboard. I had a flash of mingled apprehension and anticipation, knowing I was no longer in control of the situation, if I ever had been.

Jeff now took hold of the rubber cock, slowly pulled it from my musky burrow and began licking my cream

off it, while Dylan, satisfied with his handiwork, stood up and began undressing. As more of his impressive physique came into view, he said to me, “Don’t worry, baby. You’re safe with us, but you’re going to get more black dick than you’ve ever dreamed of. This is what you wanted, right?”

I couldn’t deny my obvious desire. “Yes,” I panted. “Yes, please, I want both of your big cocks.” As I said this I was squirming on the bed, my thighs rubbing together as my arms tested my restraints. I was truly at their mercy.

When Jeff slid his pants off I saw that his dick was shorter than Dylan’s by an inch or two, though nearly as thick. Having licked the dildo clean, he now turned it on and began running it up and down my soaking slit. As he did this, Dylan straddled my tethered arms with his back to the headboard, planting his knees on either side of my head and resting his long, still limp cock on my face. Almost automatically I extended my tongue to try to lick at that hot black snake, but he teased me with it, rubbing its length all over my face and laughing at my frustration. Jeff, meanwhile, pushed the buzzing black tool in and out of my soaking pussy, occasionally swiping it along the slippery groove and making me gasp as it buzzed over my distended clit.

As I frantically tried to lure the expanding head of Dylan’s club into my mouth, my first orgasm ripped through my body, causing my thighs to clamp together, capturing the dildo between my spasming pussy lips as my arms strained against my bonds. Only when my climax subsided did Jeff pull the toy from my still twitching hole, my honey seeping out and down into the valley between my butt cheeks.

I hardly had time to catch my breath before Dylan grabbed my legs behind my knees and pulled them back toward him, spreading my thighs as he did so. He then slid his hands to my

ankles so that he had more control. I was now completely exposed to Jeff in the most intimate and shameless manner, and I could feel myself already becoming aroused again.

The warm breeze coming in through the window played on my wet cunt lips, making my body shiver. My pussy was open and pointing at the ceiling, and I could see my aroused clit standing up, fiery red and framed by its hood. I knew my asshole was totally

exposed as well, and that thought made it throb and wink at Jeff, who now licked his lips and bent down to feast on my steamy buffet.

I raised my head to get a better look at the staggering scene. Dylan was still sliding his dick around my face as he held my legs up and open while Jeff slowly ran his tongue around my puckered anus, slurping up the excretions dripping from my cunt. He then licked upward through

my distended lips and swirled that tongue around my clit, sucking up the moisture that surrounded it. I groaned in ecstasy at the exquisite torture as Dylan raised my legs further, lifting my ass completely off the mattress, the better to see Jeff working on my pussy and asshole.

As I laid my head back to further enjoy the wicked sensations coursing through my body, Dylan dangled his semi-erect cock into my face again,





"I remember worrying about my moans and shouts being heard by the neighbors, but these thoughts were lost as Dylan swabbed his dick over my face"

this time dipping the big head into my panting mouth. I sucked on it greedily as my body shook with a series of quakes that made my muscles contract and my pussy overflow with my cream. I was out of control, and I remember worrying vaguely about my moans and shouts of passion being heard by the neighbors; but these thoughts were lost as Dylan again swabbed his giant dick all over my face, and I licked up the moisture that dribbled from his thick penis.

Jeff now sat back on his heels, his handsome features glazed with my juices. He was stroking his long black dick, sliding the foreskin over the pink, plum-sized knob that was slippery with precome. Looking back and forth between Jeff's long boner and the titanic cock that bobbed in front of my face, I knew I was in for the fucking of a lifetime, and I couldn't wait.

Dylan now let go of my legs and untied my hands. My body ached pleasantly as I stretched my legs and brought my hands down to massage my throbbing pussy. The two men

moved to either side of me, each of them bending down and sucking a stiff nipple, their strong hands running up and down my body. Dylan then asked me if I was ready for more. I smiled at him, my eyes shining, and said, "I think I've been waiting for this my whole life," and they both laughed.

Dylan now rolled me onto my stomach, taking off my robe and wiping the sweat from my skin. He positioned himself behind me and, running his hands over my ass cheeks, complimented me on my fine little body, saying it was a pleasure to service a beautiful woman like me. Then, grabbing my hips, he pulled me to my knees and spread my legs apart, my cunt lips separating and oozing liquid. He worked a long thumb into my wet cavern and rubbed my G-spot, while his fingers spread my lips and teased my clit.

Jeff, meanwhile, sat against the headboard, his long cock bobbing in front of my face. He held my head with one hand as with the other he guided his twitching pole onto my

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waiting tongue. The head of it felt so smooth as I licked it before taking the first couple of inches into my mouth. He cradled my head, telling me to do a good job on his big black dick so he could fuck me good with it. His words thrilled me, and I did my best to please him.

Meanwhile Dylan was working at me from behind, smothering my exposed nether regions with his mouth and tongue, sucking the honey out of my womb. I couldn't wait anymore. I took Jeff's cock out of my mouth just long enough to plead, "Oh God, fuck me, please fuck me, fuck me with your big cock!" I then went back to sucking Jeff, groaning around his dick as I felt the fat head of Dylan's tool spreading the entrance to my pussy, and I continued to moan as he slowly worked

that splendid pole into me. Even in my aroused state it was a tight squeeze. When he had gotten about six inches inside me he began easing his dick in and out, slowly, then faster, trying to loosen me up for the rest of him.

"Okay, baby, here it comes," he said finally, and the next thing I knew I was going out of my mind with joy as he slowly pushed all 12 inches of his massive dick into my dripping hole. Time seemed to stand still as we all stopped moving for a long moment, to allow my womb to adjust to my dark intruder.

I was moaning continuously now, and again the thought of being overheard flew into my mind. These two men had turned me into a babbling slut, but the neighbors didn't need to hear it. Breathlessly, I managed to ask

Jeff to please get up and close the bedroom window. As he did so, Dylan began pistoning in and out of my hungry pussy. He varied his strokes, speeding up, slowing down, fucking me now with short sharp thrusts, then with agonizingly long, teasingly slow strokes. I was practically screaming as Jeff came back and inserted his cock into my mouth again.

The three of us soon settled into a steady rhythm and began moving like a sexual machine, the two black giants thrusting into the tiny white housewife, and we went on this way until both of the men were ready to blast off, I myself having been for some minutes riding an almost continual wave of pleasure. Dylan came first, shoving himself all the way inside me with a groan, and emptying his balls with a powerful series of spurts into my stuffed cunt. I could feel his cock throbbing as he coated my womb with his copious seed.

Jeff then said he wanted to dump his load into my white pussy too. I gasped sharply as Dylan withdrew his magnificent tool from my body, and he and Jeff changed places. I was a panting bundle of lust as Jeff pointed his thick boner at his sloppy target and shoved himself into me with one stroke, while Dylan gently laid my head on his lap, encouraging me—as if I needed encouragement—to lick our combined juices off his dick. As I did so, Jeff fucked me with a ferocious energy that had me bouncing off Dylan's hard stomach, until finally he let out a howl and added his abundant load to my saturated cunt.

We rested for only a few minutes before the men said they had to get back to work. When they were gone I ran myself a hot bath and soaked my weary body, reminding myself to change the bed linen before my husband got home, and promising myself that when he did I would give him a blowjob he would never forget.—

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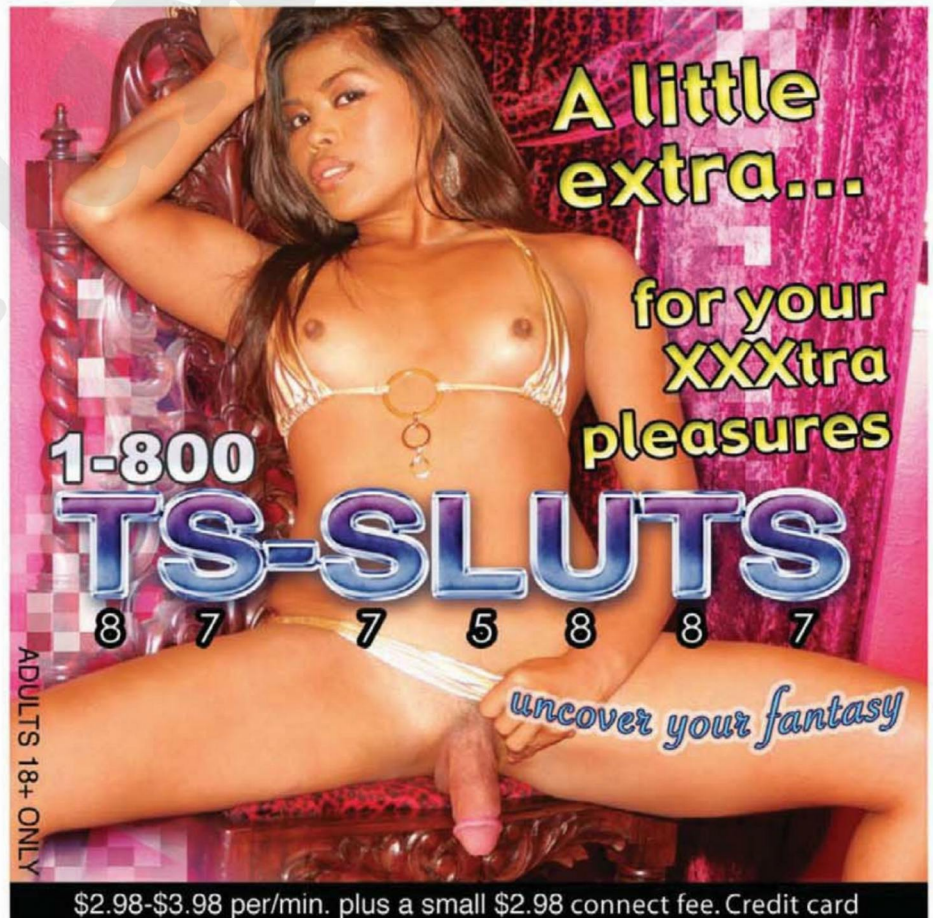


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The heart wants what it wants, but it's often the crotch that gets it

HE CAME HOME TO A NICE HOT SHOWER AND A REALLY HOT WIFE

I must be the luckiest guy on the planet, because after five years of marriage to my wife Loretta, our sex life just gets better and better.

I fell in love with Loretta the first time we met. When we first started getting intimate she tried to play the shy girl, telling me that she wasn't into giving blowjobs, although she loved having



my tongue lick her juicy pussy. Instead of getting upset with her, I purchased a variety of flavored condoms. This made it easier for her, and it didn't take long for her to enjoy sucking my cock in its natural state. It turned out that there was a real sex kitten inside her, just waiting to be let loose.

Loretta is a true beauty, standing five feet eight inches and weighing 130 pounds. She is soft in all the right places, and has 36C breasts, long brown hair, deep brown eyes, and a smile that makes my heart skip a beat.

I work field construction in the oil and

gas industry, and am away from home a lot. I usually work out of town for two weeks and then get a week off. Last time I came home for my week off, Loretta was waiting for me in her terrycloth robe. She greeted me with a kiss and a hug, and as we were kissing I started to pull up her robe and rub her ass. She wasn't wearing any panties. My cock was beginning to swell in my pants, and I was hungry for some of that fine pussy that I had been craving for two weeks.

"I need to take a shower, baby," I said to her as we pulled apart.

"Can I join you?" she asked, smiling.

We were in the shower in two minutes, both of us hungry for a good hard fuck. I soaped myself up, leaving my dick for last. As I had expected, Loretta volunteered to wash it for me. She began stroking it with her fingers, and then we were kissing again, my own hands going between her legs to play with her pussy. I started to probe her with two fingers, then three, as she moaned softly. I had to smile when I reached around with my free hand to play with her asshole, only to find that she already had her favorite butt plug wedged into her tight little ass.

"Let me just take a quick shave, baby," I said breathlessly. "Then I'm going to eat your pussy till you beg me to stop!"

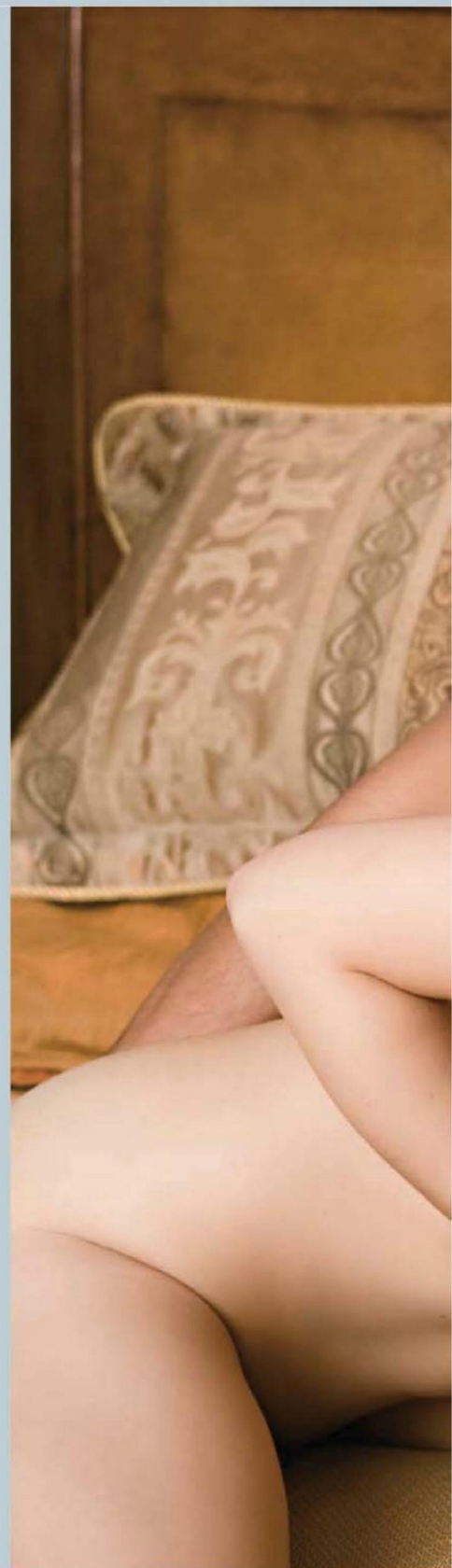
She laughed a little as she stepped out of the shower. "Hurry up and come to bed," she said. "Meanwhile Jack will warm me up."

I quickly dried off and shaved my face in record time. When I entered our bedroom I nearly came on the spot as I saw my lovely wife sucking on one of her own nipples, while she fucked herself with the large thick dildo she had named Jack.

"Christ, that is the sexiest thing I have ever seen," I said breathlessly.

"Come over here so I can suck that big cock of yours," she replied.

I went to the bed and lay down on my back, and Loretta crawled up over me, turning so that we were in a 69 position.







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She started sucking on my cock as I reached between her legs and began playing with her clit. I then pulled her onto my face and began to lick the folds of her pussy. She adjusted her position a little and slowly swallowed my entire length, taking my cock down her throat. I found her clit with my tongue, then sucked it into my mouth and nibbled on it lightly, eliciting a moan from her. I kept up the pressure on her clit with my lips as I swirled my tongue around the little button. As her orgasm neared, the pressure of her lips on my cock increased, and she started humping my face. I couldn't hold back any longer, and I proceeded to shoot my load down her throat as her spasming pussy soaked my face.

After we had caught our breath I sat up. "I need a drink after that," I said. "And then I want you to suck me hard again, so I can get inside that sweet little pussy and make you come a few more times."

Loretta sat up and reached for her

robe. "Save your strength," she said, smiling at me. "I'll get the drinks."

She was back in a few moments, and we toasted each other and drank. When she took off her robe again, just the sight of her got me hot. I put down my drink and reached into the nightstand for my cock ring, slipping it onto my already swelling dick. Then I bent down and started sucking on her nipples. She got rid of her drink as well, and began stroking my strongly twitching cock.

"I don't think I'll need to suck you hard again," she announced. "I think you're all ready to fuck me with this piece of steel." With that she lay back on the bed, still holding my dick, then spread her legs and guided me into her wet pussy. I took her slowly, sinking all my seven inches into her, loving the way her tight pussy pulled back my foreskin and massaged my cock, until the cold chrome cock ring touched her clit and my balls were resting in

hips around, and I could feel the head of my cock rubbing against her cervix. Soon she was moaning and moving faster. She began to gasp more and more loudly as her orgasm neared. I knew it wouldn't take long, so I held myself still and watched her face, letting her get herself off. She was in a frenzy now, moaning and grunting between gasps. Then suddenly she stiffened up and pulled me down on top of her, holding me in a death grip as she convulsed again and again.

As she came down from her orgasm and her breathing slowly returned to normal, I started pumping in and out of her still clutching pussy. "Oh God, what are you doing to me?" she wailed.

I knew the question was rhetorical, but I answered her anyway. "I'm making you come, my dear," I told her. "And now I'm going to make you come again." And with that I started really pumping into her as hard as I could.

**"Oh God, what are you doing to me?' she wailed.
I knew the question was rhetorical, but I answered
anyway. 'I'm making you come, my dear,' I said.
'And now I'm going to make you come again'"**

the crack of her ass. She let out a little gasp at the feel of the cold metal, and I bent down to kiss her, flexing my ass muscles a few times as she moaned into my mouth. Breaking the kiss, I grabbed her left breast and started to suck and lick her nipple. She pulled the other breast up to her mouth so that we could both suck her nipples, and my cock swelled further.

I raised my head from her breast as I gradually picked up the pace of my thrusts, relishing the silky feeling of her buttery snatch. She started moving her

Soon she was pounding the mattress with her fists. "Oh, fuck me, fuck me, shit!" she yelled. I was glad that I had come in her mouth earlier, as I knew I could now last a good while, and I wanted this to go on as long as possible. I loved watching her face while we made love, so I now slowed down and looked into her eyes as I enjoyed the feeling of her very wet pussy.

"I love you baby," I said as I moved sensuously inside her.

"I love you more," she breathed, reaching up to touch my face with both

hands and pull me down for a kiss.

When our lips parted I sat up with my cock still inside her, and sat back on my haunches to catch my breath. As I did so I felt her butt plug under my balls, and I reached down and picked it up. "Looks like your friend came out," I said with a grin.

"Well, you can put it back in if you like," she panted. She paused, then added, "Or you can replace it with your lovely cock."

Well, who was I to turn down an offer like that? Loretta knew how much I enjoyed having my dick in her beautiful tight little ass. I grabbed some lube off the nightstand and greased up my pole really good. She started to turn over, but I stopped her. "Just lie down so I can suck on your nipples and you can rub your clit," I whispered. "I promise you it will be worth it."

She lay back down then, spreading and raising her legs as I probed her ass with my dick. "Go slow, okay?" she breathed, and I assured her I would. I pushed forward slowly until my cockhead was just inside her, then stopped. She gasped and started rubbing her clit. I waited until she began to move her hips before pushing more of my hard-on inside her. I bent down to suck on her swollen nipples as more of my cock was swallowed by her glorious backside. She was rubbing her clit faster now, and I kept drilling slowly into her ass until it was fully impaled.

I switched to her other nipple and sucked it into my mouth, lightly biting it at the base. "Yes, bite it again!" she screamed. In response I began to move from one breast to the other, nibbling on her nipples until she was thrashing around on the bed and soaking the sheets once again.

I waited for her to calm down once more, and when she did I started pumping steadily in and out of her rear passage. Soon she was moaning again. "Oh God, I don't know how much more I can take!" she cried breathlessly.

"I'm almost there, babe," I said, and I grabbed her hips and started really pounding into her. I knew it wouldn't be much longer before I exploded into her clutching ass, so I didn't hold back. Loretta cried out with passion, her fingers strumming her clit like mad, and then she was biting on her other hand as her orgasm washed over her. Her ass was gripping my cock like a vise, and I couldn't hold back any longer as jet after jet of semen started shooting into her beautiful body. Even after I pumped the last drop of my jism into her, that ass kept spasming again and again around my cock. Words can't describe how wonderful it felt.

I lay still and let myself deflate inside her as our breathing slowly returned to normal. When I finally pulled out of her she moaned once again. "Thank you," she said as I lay down beside her.

"Thank you too, my love," I said to her, and after a few moments I sat up and reached for the remains of my drink. Loretta sat up too, and looked at me with a gleam in her eye.

"You want to go again?" she asked me.

"Always," I said, smiling at her. "But give me twenty minutes or so, okay?"

"You have nineteen," she said, smiling seductively back at me, and I'm happy to say I managed to meet that challenge.—*B.V., Lincoln, Nebraska*

THE WEDDING WAS BORING, TILL SHE MET THE GROOM'S FRIEND

Last summer my older sister Becky got married, and the reception was held at a large hotel in our area. The place was packed with relatives and friends. There was a bar and a DJ, and everybody was singing and dancing and enjoying themselves. Everybody but me. I was bored to tears, especially because no one would let me drink, as I was under 21.

At one point I went out to the lobby of the hotel just for a change of scene. After a while a guy of about 30 came out and started talking to me, saying

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he was a friend of the groom. He was bored too, he said, as he wasn't into singing and dancing. He told me his name was Tony, and that his wife was in there having fun with everyone else, just like my stupid boyfriend.

After a few minutes he invited me up to his room, which was on the fourth floor of the hotel. He said that if they wouldn't let me drink down there, he would let me drink with him. I knew I probably shouldn't, but I said okay.

On the way up to the room he asked me how old I was, and I told him 18. Then he asked me if I had a boyfriend, and I said I did. Maybe I didn't say it with much enthusiasm, because he then asked if he could kiss me. So I let him.

As we kissed I felt his hand on my nylon-covered thigh. When we broke the kiss he asked if I had ever had sex. I shook my head no. He was still rubbing my thigh, his hand slowly going higher. When he asked if I was okay, I knew what he meant, and I nodded yes. I was totally cool with someone way older than me wanting me like this, even though I knew he was married. I liked the thrill, especially knowing what might happen if his wife caught us.

When we reached his room he kissed me again, his hand now reaching the crotch of my panties, and I let him rub me until got wet. He took my hand and put it on his crotch, and I could feel his hard-on. That was a real thrill for me.

Next he told me to get on my knees on the floor, and when I did he unzipped his pants and took out his cock. He told me to suck it, so I obeyed. This was much more than I had ever done with my boyfriend. The most we ever did was kiss and rub each other till we came.

Even so, I knew basically what to do, so I first I kissed and licked the tip of his cock, and then the shaft. Then I opened my mouth and he slid it in. He told me to hold and fondle his balls, which I did. He was really getting off



“As I looked up at him with wide eyes, he began to twitch and pulse in my mouth, grabbing my hair as he gasped, ‘Yeah, baby, swallow it all like a good girl.’ I didn’t know what else to do, so I did”

on it, and after a minute he said he'd love to come in my mouth. As I looked up at him with wide eyes, he began to twitch and pulse in my mouth, grabbing my hair as he gasped, “Yeah, baby, swallow it all like a good girl.” I didn't know what else to do, so I did, gulping his salty fluid as fast as I could to keep from gagging.

When he was done shooting he released my head and, with one motion, lifted me up and laid me on the bed. He pushed my dress up to my waist, then tugged my panty hose and pant-

ies down and parted my legs, his head going between my thighs. The feeling of his mouth and tongue on my pussy drove me crazy, and he made me come in record time.

As I was in the throes of climax he got his pants down and climbed on top of me, and I felt his hard cock rub against my belly before he took it in his hand and guided it between my thighs. He rubbed it against my pussy, and it felt so good I was squirming.

“Are you ready?” he asked, and I nodded breathlessly. He spread my

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legs open some more and started pushing into me. "Damn!" he exclaimed. "You're so damn tight!"

I felt his cock probe deeply into me, and it didn't hurt as badly as I expected. Before I realized it he was urgently thrusting away between my legs as he worked my top down to suck and bite my hard nipples. I got so excited that I began humping my hips up to meet his thrusts, and when I came again it was incredible! My climax must have triggered his, because I felt his cock jump inside me as he came. I felt several hard spurts, and then we were done, both of us gasping and panting for breath.

After some light, tender kisses Tony said that we'd better get back to the reception, but when we got there it turned out we hadn't even been missed. I saw Tony go to join his wife, and I looked around for my boyfriend, wondering how he would ever be able to satisfy me as Tony had. But then I figured I might be able to teach him now.—*Name and address withheld*

SHE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT HIS WIFE, BUT DID IT REALLY MATTER?

His name was Craig, and I met him when we were both grad students at the local college. It turned out that he lived only a few doors down from me, so one day he invited me over to his place. We hit it off, and I soon began hanging out with him and some of his other friends. I thought he was very good looking, and I wanted him, but he didn't make a play for me for what seemed like ever.

Then one day I went over to his place, having deliberately neglected to wear panties under my skirt. It was just the two of us, and I sat in a way that allowed him the occasional glimpse beneath my skirt. I think he got the message, because he suddenly came over and began kissing me. As he did his hand went under my skirt, feeling my pussy until I was totally soaked.

He pulled my dress up over my

head and licked my breasts, then worked his way down my body until he was eating my pussy. He worked himself into position so that his crotch was in my face, and I knew what he wanted, so I reached up to massage his obvious hard-on. When I undid his zipper and took out his hard cock he rubbed it over my cheeks and lips until I opened my mouth and took it inside. I began sucking it immediately, taking it as deep as I could. But he soon pulled out of my mouth, saying that if I kept doing such a good job he would come too quickly.

He then turned me over onto all fours and got behind me. He rubbed his cock over my pussy for a few moments, then pushed it deep inside me. He went really slow, and it felt really good.

But just as I was about to come he pulled out of me and began to rub that stiff dick over my ass. He asked if I'd ever had it in my ass before, and I told

to turn me on, and his fingers were playing with my pussy the whole time; so that when he began to probe my butt again it seemed to go more easily. He kept pushing until he told me he was all the way in, and I actually felt his balls against my soft butt. He began sliding in and out of my tight hole while he rubbed my pussy, and soon I was ready to come. And so was he; I heard his cry of completion and felt him shooting deep into my ass, just as my own climax hit me.

Afterwards I asked him about his wife, and he said she was back in Los Angeles, working to make some money while he finished grad school. When I asked why he'd never told me about her before, he said I'd never asked. Well, that was true. Anyway, it turned out that it didn't really matter, because Craig and I kept on fucking for the rest of that semester, until he graduated and moved back home.—*S.D., San Francisco, California*

"Then one day I went over to his place, having deliberately neglected to wear panties. I sat in a way that allowed him the occasional glimpse beneath my skirt. I think he got the message"

him no. I asked why he wanted to fuck my ass, and he shocked me by saying that he loved to do it that way, but his wife would never let him.

Oh my God, I thought. I never even knew he was married! I didn't know what to say, and he apparently took my surprised silence as an okay. He lubed my ass up with my vaginal fluids and began to penetrate me. It was difficult at first, and I stopped him twice before he got too far into me. He kept telling me how sexy my ass was, and how tight and good it felt. His words began

HIS WIFE IS INSATIABLE, AND HIS FRIEND HASN'T FAILED TO NOTICE

My wife Franny and I have been married for 24 years. At 43, she is still a really hot woman. She has sandy brown hair, a nice set of 36C tits, long slender legs and a heart-shaped ass which I love to fuck. The way she moves that ass and shakes those tits still makes men's dicks twitch. I know mine gets hard just from watching her.

Late last fall, my wife and I, along with my friend John, were returning from a trip to the northern woods,

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where we'd drunk a lot of beer and taken pictures of the fall foliage and the occasional moose. Franny was sitting in the back seat of my pickup when she reached to take a beer out of the cooler. Just then the truck hit a bump in the road, and a bunch of ice and water splashed all over her shirt.

As she cursed up a storm, I told her to take the shirt off, and I would put over the heater to dry. As she did so I noticed John checking her out in the rear-view mirror.

A few minutes later we stopped to take a piss break. I got back to the truck before John did, got in next to my wife and started to feel her nice tits. Her nipples were good and hard. I tried to undo her belt, but at that point John came back and got into the driver's seat. Franny then took her coat, which had been hanging on the rack behind her, and put it over her lap. I was puzzled, until she pulled the belt from her pants out from under the coat. I reached in and put my hand

down the front of her now open pants, and she spread her legs so I could feel how wet she was.

By the time we got back to John's house we were both horny as hell, but we said yes when he asked us in for another beer. As soon as John went down the hall to use the bathroom, my wife dropped her pants and her soaked panties, and I dove right in to eat that dripping pussy.

All too soon we heard John coming back. Franny quickly pulled her pants back up and said it was getting late

and we'd better head out, as we lived in another town about 10 miles away.

Before we had gotten a mile out of town, Franny was sliding out of her pants and taking those wet panties off. She then took my hand and put it on her steamy pussy, and as soon as I stuck a finger in, she started to ride it. When we came to a side road she told me to pull off so I could eat her out, and I did, and it wasn't long before I had her coming all over my face and the car seat.

As soon as she had recovered she reached for my belt and undid my pants, then started to stroke my already hard cock. I pushed the seat back and reclined it to give her better access. She leaned over and started to suck my cock while rubbing my balls with her other hand. I was about ready to explode. I was rubbing and pinching her nipples with one hand and fingering her pussy with the other. It was at that point that she said

"Climbing on top of me, she plunged all the way down on my cock. She was soon fucking me hard and begging me to come inside her, saying that if I did I could eat her some more when we got home"

she had to have me deep inside her. Climbing on top of me, she straddled my lap and plunged all the way down on my cock with one thrust. She was soon fucking me hard and begging me to come inside her, saying that if I did I could eat her some more when we got home. Well, that put me over the top, and I shot into her like a cannon.

A few minutes later we were on our way again. Franny had not put her panties on, and I was rubbing her hot pussy. We had not gone more than five miles when she told me to pull

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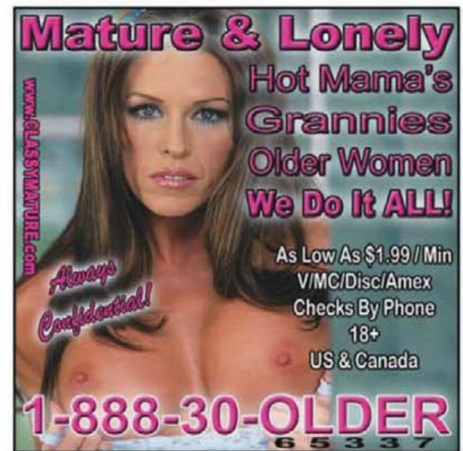
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over again, as she needed my tongue on her twat. I was in such a hurry to make her happy and to go down on her again that I neglected to put the vehicle in park, and we were lucky we didn't roll into a ditch. So after that we figured we'd better get home.

When we finally arrived it was late, and we headed for bed. But as I watched Franny getting undressed, I started to get hard again. Seeing this, she pulled her soaked panties off and bent over the edge of the bed.

I love to take her pussy from behind. I love to hear that nice ass slapping against my belly. I was soon driving my cock into her as deep as it could go, and she was meeting my every thrust. But I didn't want to blow my wad yet, and after a few minutes I pulled out, telling her I had to taste that pussy again. She lay down on the bed and spread her legs, and I began licking her like there was no tomorrow. She put her legs over my shoulders, and I inserted a finger into her pussy and one into her ass. She was rocking back and forth hard, and I know it wouldn't be long. She started to moan and squirm, and then she cried, "Yes! Yes!" as wave after wave of pleasure convulsed her body.

I was exhausted, but my cock was still hard. Saying that one good turn deserves another, Franny stroked my stiff pole with her sensuous fingers until I thought I would die. Then she started to suck my cock again, driving me absolutely crazy. When I was ready to explode she pulled her mouth away and had me shoot my wad all over her luscious tits. She then rubbed my come all over them and licked her fingers clean.

Before we finally fell asleep, Franny asked me if I thought John would like to get into the action the next time we took a trip with him. I said I thought he damn well would, and she just smiled. I have the feeling our life is going to get even more interesting pretty soon.—
L.J., Detroit, Michigan

A 'COUGAR AND HER CUB' MEET FOUR YOUNG COLLEGE GUYS

Last summer my husband and I decided to treat our daughter Louise to a beach vacation in celebration of her finishing her first year of college. Everything was set up when my husband had to cancel at the last minute, due to a crisis at work. I was a bit disappointed, but Louise seemed more thrilled than ever. When I asked her why, she said it would be a girls-only vacation now, which would make it even more fun. That she enjoyed the idea of spending some quality time with me really made me feel appreciated, and I was determined to have as much fun with her as I could.

The drive went fine, and we arrived at our condo by late morning. I had just started unpacking when Louise announced she was going down to the beach, throwing on a bikini that was much smaller than anything she had worn before. I had some reservations

realized it was a good thing her father wasn't along. I tried to take the mature approach, figuring she was a young woman who could decide this sort of thing for herself.

I was about to leave, not wanting to get in the way, when Louise surprised me by waving at me to join her. When I walked over she introduced me as her mother, which caused the guys to look at me in disbelief. One of them said he had assumed I was her older sister, and the others nodded in agreement. I didn't know if they were serious or just trying to be flattering, but it certainly made a favorable impression on me.

The young men introduced themselves as Dan, Bruce, Aaron and Pete. They were members of a college football team who had decided to vacation together, and had just arrived that day. They were polite and friendly, and to my surprise, they showered me with just as much attention as they did my daughter. I was amazed that they

"Franny stroked my stiff pole until I thought I would die. Then she started to suck my cock again. When I was ready to explode she pulled away and had me shoot my wad all over her luscious tits"

about it, but then remembered my vow about having fun with her, so I relaxed and said nothing.

It took me a little while to finish unpacking, and once I was done I decided to join Louise on the beach, putting on my own relatively modest swimsuit. When I got there I saw that my daughter had already been busy picking up admirers. She seemed to be a fast worker too, as she was surrounded by four very well-built young men about her own age. Seeing how brazenly she was flirting with them, I

wanted to spend time with someone old enough to be—well, their mother. I also caught them checking me out, which was quite unexpected. While I am still good-looking and try to stay in shape, and though plenty of my contemporaries had hit on me, I had never received that sort of attention from men this young.

We ended up spending the rest of the afternoon together, and as it grew late, the guys invited us to go to a club with them that evening. Before I could say anything, Louise agreed for both of

us, and told the guys to pick us up at eight o'clock.

When we were alone I pointed out to Louise that while I did enjoy dancing, it was hardly proper for me to go clubbing with her friends, since I was a married woman. Louise said that this was our private vacation, and I should stop being so uptight and cut loose for a change. She then added that she was going to need some help, since it wasn't like she could handle four guys on her own. I asked her what she meant by that, but she just gave me a sly wink and told me to relax and enjoy myself. Which with some trepidation I decided to try to do.

As we got dressed for the evening, Louise again chose something that showed off far more flesh than anything I had seen her wear before, but again I said nothing. When the guys arrived they whistled appreciatively, saying that both of us looked great. That these guys were comparing me so favorably with my daughter again did wonders for my ego.

Since there were so many of us we traveled in two cars. I rode with Dan and Bruce, while Louise went with Aaron and Pete. When we arrived at the club, the first thing we did was order several rounds. After imbibing a couple of mixed drinks I was feeling very happy, and when Dan invited me out on the dance floor, I was only too glad to oblige.

During the next hour or so both Louise and I danced with all of the guys in turn, though most of the time I found myself partnered with either Dan or Bruce. More drinks flowed, and I found myself having the time of my life. At one point Louise suggested we go powder our noses. When we got to the restroom, she commented that it looked like I had made a couple of friends. She said I had made a good choice, especially in Bruce's case, since when she had danced with him she had felt something very hard and long poking her in the stomach. In

fact, she said, she had been tempted to make a play for him, but since he seemed so attached to me, she had stuck with Aaron and Pete. She then added that she was planning on enjoying both of them that night, and recommended I do the same with mine.

Now it was pretty obvious, even through my alcoholic haze, what Louise was suggesting. I was shocked, and reminded her again that I was a married woman. She replied that as far as she was concerned, this was a private vacation, and whatever happened on it would stay between us. She then added that while I was free to do as I pleased, this was almost certainly a once-in-a-lifetime chance to get it on with two hot young studs, and she thought I would never forgive myself for missing the opportunity.

I couldn't quite believe my ears. Here was my daughter, not just suggesting, but openly encouraging me to cheat on my husband. Almost against my will I considered what she was saying. The guys were certainly extremely handsome, and it wasn't exactly as though my sex life was anything to brag about. I envisioned what it might be like with them, and found myself getting turned on. I tried pushing the idea out of my mind, but I just couldn't seem to manage it.

I came out of the restroom feeling flushed, and Bruce almost immediately whisked me onto the dance floor. It was as if he had guessed what Louise and I had been talking about, as he danced much more closely than before, grinding his body against mine. As he did so I felt what Louise had been referring to. She hadn't been kidding; he really felt quite large.

I was still processing this when Dan moved up behind me and began grinding against me as well, and I felt another large cock pressed into me. Now it was impossible to think of anything other than these two young, virile men and the effect they were having on me. As the dance went on

their hands strayed to some very intimate places, and not only did I fail to chastise them, but I actually moved into their grip, which encouraged them to grope me further. They were so aggressive about it that we were soon attracting a lot of attention from the other people on the dance floor.

By the time we returned to our booth, I was more hot and bothered than I could remember. And I wasn't the only one, as Louise was in an intense makeout session with both Aaron and Pete. Bruce and Dan sat on either side of me and began making out with me as well, their hands traveling up my thighs and under the hem of my dress until they were stroking my pussy through my panties. Any second thoughts I might have had were driven from my mind as I went with the flow.

Finally one of the guys suggested going back to our place to continue the party. I figured it was a good idea, since if things were to go any further, the management would be kicking us out.

Once again I rode with Dan and Bruce, while Louise went with the others. They left first, and I could see my daughter in the back seat of the car ahead, with one of the guys. Suddenly her head ducked out of sight, and it didn't take a genius to figure out why. Of course I was once again busy myself, with Dan all over me while Bruce was behind the wheel. He was so eager to get to our place that he drove like a maniac, and it was a miracle we didn't end up in an accident.

By the time I entered the condo, Louise was already there, on her knees, sucking off Aaron while Pete watched, stroking his own impressive manhood. Dan and Bruce wasted no time in peeling me out of my clothing. Bruce shoved everything off the living room table while Dan guided me onto my back on top of it. Both guys showered my tits with attention, kissing, licking and sucking all over them.

Bruce eventually slipped down between my legs and began to eat me out, and let me tell you, he was something else! That tongue of his hit all the right spots, getting me wet in no time at all. Dan added to the overpowering stimulation by working over my tits with great avidity, covering them with love bites.

Dan finally hit just the right spot and made me climax. While I was still coming down from that, both guys removed their own clothing. Now I could see what had been pressed into me all night, and it made my jaw drop. Pete and Aaron were not inconsiderable in the cock department, but they were nothing compared to my guys. Both of them were incredibly hung, sporting cocks that were a good 10 or 11 inches long, and thick as well. I had never imagined there could be cocks as big as that, not in real life.

Louise now stopped what she was doing long enough to say that it looked like I had really hit the jackpot, before going back to her blowjob duties. Bruce now stood in front of me and got his cock lined up with my pussy. For just a moment I had second thoughts, until he nudged that thing against my slit and shoved his hips forward. Then the sensation of his massive tool sliding into me wiped out any doubts I might have had. I definitely wanted this now.

And did I ever get it! While he was patient, Bruce was also forceful, working his rod into my body bit by bit. I felt as though I was being stretched like never before, and I loved it. Slowly but surely that huge shaft disappeared into my pussy, until it was in all the way.

Then he began to fuck me with slow but powerful thrusts. Through the buzzing in my ears I heard him telling Dan that I had a great pussy, and if he had known how good it was he'd have been "hunting cougar" long before now. Dan said he couldn't wait for his turn.

All I could think about was that if I

had known this was what it meant to have my brains fucked out and my pussy stretched by a big young cock, I probably would have cheated on my husband long ago. It wasn't long before I felt a monster orgasm building in my loins, and a minute later I was shouting out in ecstasy as I came harder than ever before in my life.

That seemed to set Bruce off, as he proceeded to fill me with a huge load of sperm, so much that I actually felt it dripping from my pussy as he pulled out. But I wasn't left empty for long, as Dan shoved his own impressive shaft inside me and began pounding away. He was more forceful than Bruce, but as I had just been stretched to the utmost, and still had Bruce's sperm lubricating me, he was able to move easily. As he did so he remarked that Bruce was dead right about my pussy, and that they were lucky to have landed a 'cougar and her cub' the first day out. He then started fucking me harder and

cock in her pussy while Aaron fucked her mouth. They might not have been quite as well-endowed as my guys, but it was obvious that my daughter was enjoying the ride, though her own cries were muffled by the cock in her mouth.

As I sucked away on Dan, he grabbed his cell phone and took a picture with it. I removed his cock from my mouth long enough to ask why he had done that, and he explained that he was sending a message to all his friends with a picture of the best cocksucker he had ever known. Well, a compliment like that caused me to redouble my efforts, making him gasp in further appreciation.

Once the guys were hard again, Bruce got on his back and told me to show him what I could do. I was only too eager as I quickly straddled him and started bouncing up and down. I had never ridden a guy that way before, but then I had never had a cock like his inside me either.

"All I could think was that if I had known this was how it felt to have my brains fucked out and my pussy stretched by a big young cock, I probably would have cheated on my husband long ago"

harder, making my breasts bounce all around. I had a couple of quick, intense orgasms before he added his load to that of his friend.

Once I had recovered my wits, I slid off the table and went down on my knees. I'd heard of worshipping cock before, and that's basically what I did as I sucked away at them, one after the other, praying they'd get hard fast so they could stick those monsters inside me again.

As I did that I saw that Louise was on her hands and knees, with Pete's

I rode him until I had a couple of orgasms, and then stopped to take a break, more or less collapsing on top of him. As I lay on his chest, Dan moved up behind me, spread my ass cheeks and began to sink his cock into my backside. Now while I had experienced anal sex before, it had never been with anything like this, to say nothing of the large cock already inside me. I tried relaxing as best I could, and Dan went slowly, but it still took a while before he managed to conquer my backside the way he and

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his friend had conquered my pussy.

Once they were both inside me they began moving back and forth, and it didn't take them long to build up a steady rhythm, with Bruce thrusting into me while Dan pulled back, and vice versa, ensuring that I had at least one cock fully inside me at all times. They moved with such practiced ease that I was pretty sure this wasn't the first time they had done this.

If I had thought one huge cock was something, having two in me at the same time was positively mind-blowing! There was nothing I could compare to how incredible it felt. And my guess about not being the guys' first was confirmed when Bruce told me I handled two cocks way better than any girl they had done before.

Louise and her two guys had finished up and were standing by, watching us, and now they began shouting to the guys to really give it to me. Bruce and Dan responded to the encouragement by doing just that. While my first few climaxes had been impressive, they were noting compared to what happened when the guys picked up the pace. I went into overdrive, shrieking and wailing, tears flowing down my cheeks from the intensity of my orgasms, which were now coming in an almost continuous stream. I had never dreamed sex could be like this, and I never wanted it to stop.

The guys proved to have quite a bit of endurance this time around, and they lasted a long while before filling me with a double blast of their seed.

After that the three of us were pretty winded and needed a break. At that point Aaron and Pete decided to duplicate our feat by double-penetrating Louise. Now it was our turn to watch and shout out encouragement, and I actually heard myself telling the two guys to give my daughter the fucking she deserved. Before they were through she had gotten off nearly as many times as I had.

By the time that was over, Bruce

and Dan were eager for another go. Dan stood me up, picked me up by my ass and planted me firmly on his cock, which filled me to the brim. Bruce then came up behind me and fed his dick into my ass. The two of them fucked me standing up while I was suspended between them, and even though the pace was slower due to the position, it still felt incredible. My feet didn't touch the floor until the guys filled me yet again with a pair of healthy loads.

After that everyone was exhausted, so the guys stayed over at our place, and I fell asleep sandwiched between my two hunks. The next morning I was awakened by the feeling of Bruce's cock easing into me. After he was finished Dan took his turn. It was the most delightful morning fuck I had ever experienced.

During the remainder of our vacation Louise and I continued to get the fucking of our lives. The guys were insatiable, and the sex was non-stop. It was like I was on my honeymoon again, only with four hung studs instead of one normal-sized one. While I mostly paired off with Dan and Bruce, we both fucked all the guys. They especially enjoyed doing Louise and me at the same time, frequently taking us in identical positions. They would even turn it into a contest by seeing which duo could give us the most orgasms. No matter which one did, Louise and I always ended up the winners.

All too soon the week ended, and we had to go back to our respective lives, to our mutual sorrow. Recently, though I received a bit of good news. It seems that this fall Louise's college football team will be playing the college the guys attend. I'll be swinging by her campus that weekend to get reacquainted with the guys after the game. Maybe they'll even introduce us to some of their teammates—if we're lucky.—*Name and address withheld*

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